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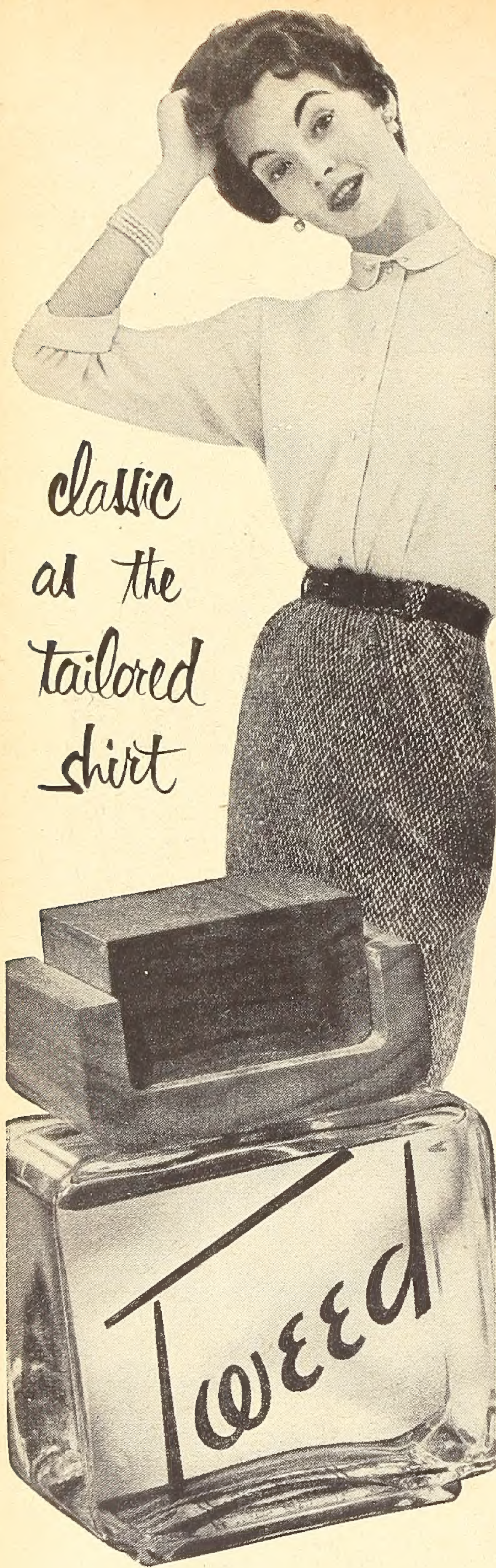
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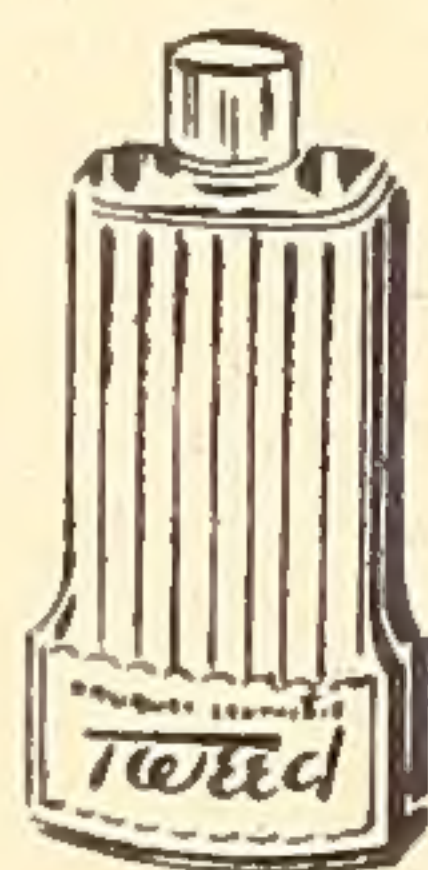
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Screenland PLUS TV-LAND

Volume Fifty-Eight, Number Five

March, 1954

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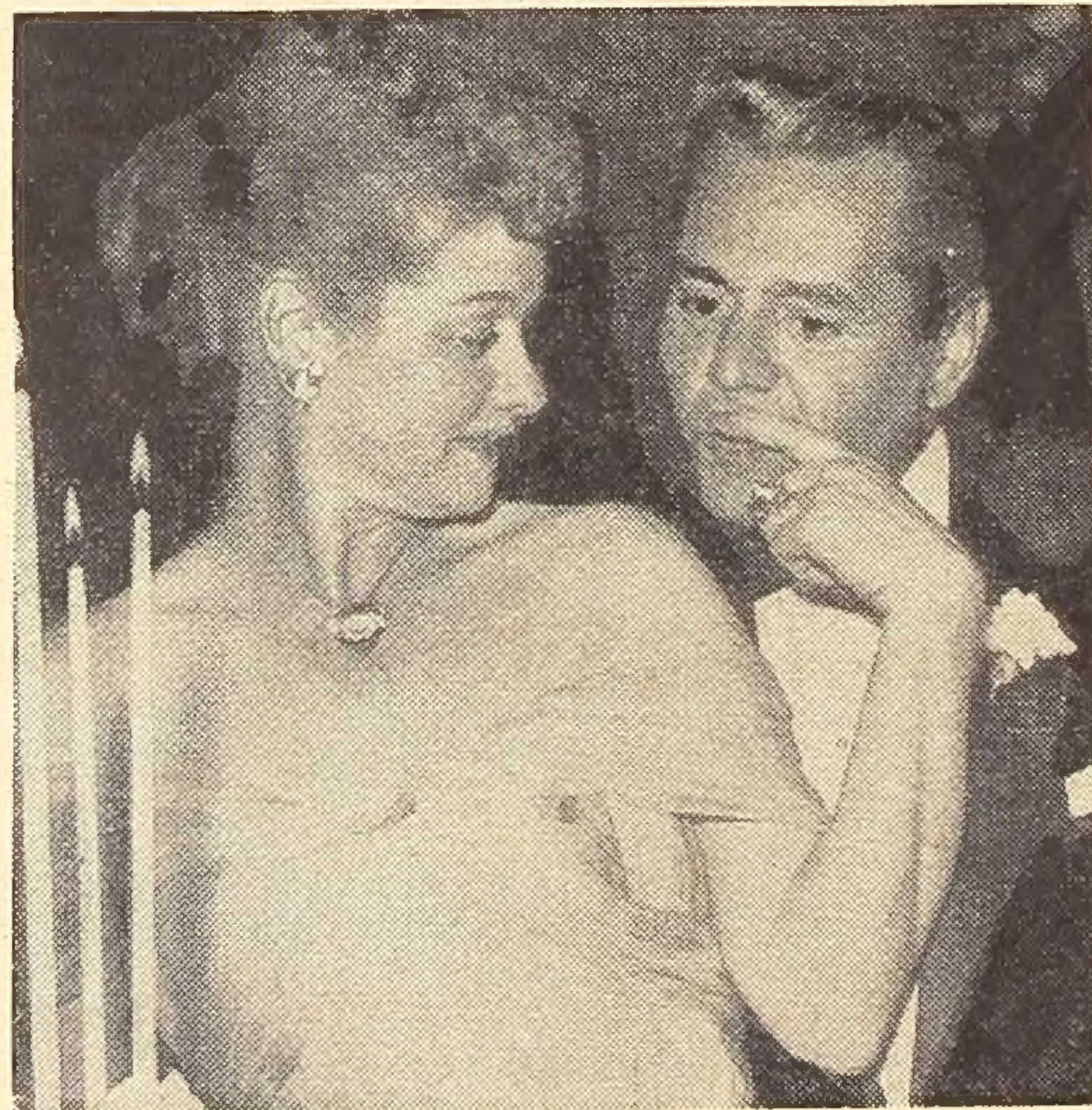
what hollywood itself is talking about!

by Lynn Bowers

MISS NUMBER ONE at the box-office (you may call her Ava Gardner) was in such a swivet to get out of town (and away from Frankie?) that she postponed treatment for a back ailment until she got to Rome. Entered a hospital there prior to filming "The Barefoot Contessa." Frankie, in the meanwhile, stayed in Hollywood and had a few friendly dates with Jean Simmons, whose man was still in England. F.S. took himself an apartment and it looks as if he might stick around for a time.

Mr. Number One at the box-office—John Wayne, who else?—is a much happier man now that all the big divorce is behind him. John's getting re-acquainted with his children (by his first marriage) and flipped through his role in "The High And The Mighty" with a light heart.

The premiere of "The Glenn Miller Story" was a pretty fancy affair, all right.



Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz cut cake at 13th anniversary party at Mocambo.



Ava Gardner is met by Producer Joe Mankiewicz on arrival in Rome for film.

That one, the glittering premiere of Joan Crawford's "Torch Song," and the Sadler's Wells Ballet company engagement were the big events around town. All the attractive young U-I kids were at the "Miller" preem and a lot of the attractive older kids. Jimmy Stewart got a fabulous hand from the fans—and, kind of embarrassed when he was complimented on the way he played the famous ork leader, said, "Well, as one Glenn Miller fan to another, what can I say?"

Jane Powell, who is having more fun than she ever did in her life and dating all the eligible bachelors, was with producer Ross Hunter. Ludmilla Tcherina, the gal who broke up with Robert Taylor before he broke up with Ursula Thiess, had just landed in Hollywood for her American screen debut in "Sign Of The Pagan." The lovely ballerina created quite a stir—she's a real beaut. Rock Hudson brought Julia Adams, Jeffrey Hunter and Barbara Rush were together, naturally, being married. Jeff Chandler and Marilyn Maxwell made a striking couple, and Don O'Connor seemed to be alone, roaring around in the lobby acting like he was looking for someone.

The party which Joan Crawford hosted at Romanoff's was a beautiful thing. She arranged for her guests to be picked up at the theatre after the big, flashy premiere of "Torch Song," and driven to the



Lauren Bacall, Cary Grant at Producers' Guild banquet for Darryl Zanuck.

**At last
all the might
and magnificence
of The Unconquerables
and their Seven Days
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the American Frontier.**

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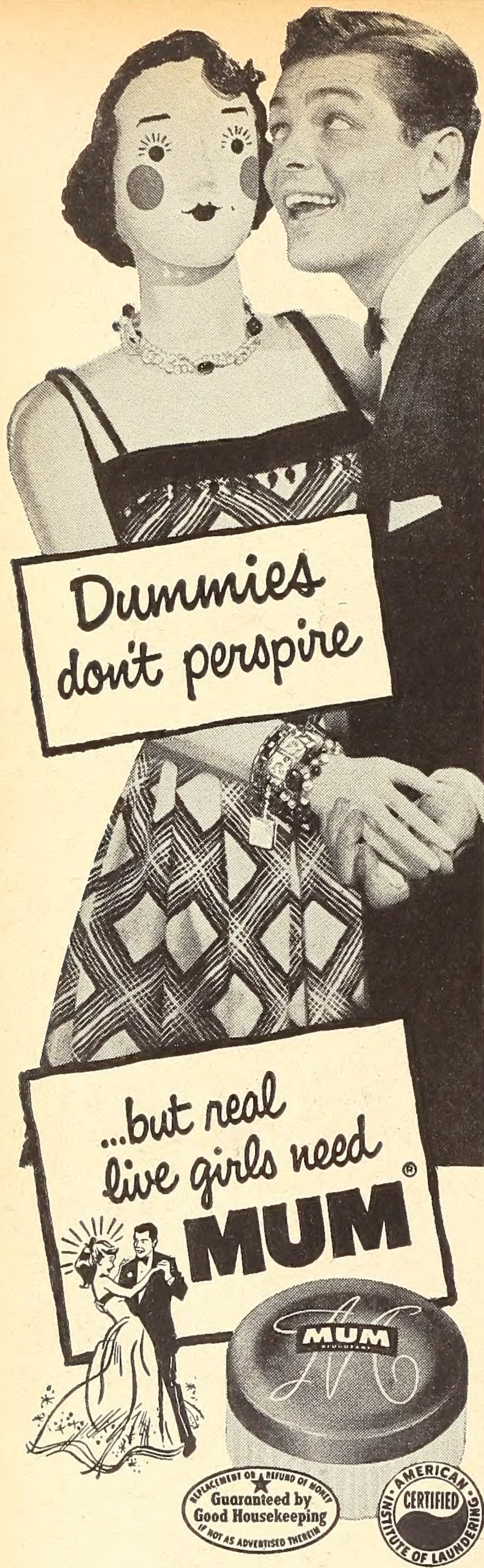


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what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)



Jane Wyman chatting with Fred Koehner and friend at banquet for D. Zanuck.



Marilyn Erskine and Tab Hunter dated for the premiere of "Julius Caesar."

restaurant. The private room was entirely decorated in white chrysanthemums, grapes, and candles as centerpieces. Jeffrey Hunter and Barbara Rush, George Nader with Virginia Gray, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Mayer, Scott Brady, director Nicholas Ray, Mel Dinelli and a gillion others. Joan, after working all day on her new picture, "Johnny Guitar," didn't even bother to go to bed that night because of the early morning call the next day.

Ida Lupino doesn't seem to be too upset over the last break with Howard Duff. In fact, she's been around with a lot of escorts and it looks as if the Duff hour is completely over with her.

There won't be any fooling around at MGM on "The Student Prince," now that they finally gave up trying to woo Mario Lanza back for the picture. Ann Blyth's got an early Summer date with the stork and she's the romantic interest opposite the veddy handsome young British star, Edmund Purdom, who replaced Lanza. Eddie and his very cute wife were given a small party by art director Arthur

Krams and Ed recited some very funny poetry to Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas, Mary Castle and John Smith, boy genius Dick Morris, who is writing about 90 television shows, including "Letters To Loretta" and Ann Sothern's show. You're going to flip over this Purdom lad, mark my words.

Casey Adams is back in town from the Germany location of 20th's "Night People" and getting ready to tour in a night club act. Casey not only plays the piano and sings but he writes tunes and has a great comedy sense. He's on the fence about whether to keep up his acting, or give it up for the other side of the business—writing music.

Every year the guys and gals who deal out publicity to the columnists—the Screen Publicists Guild—throw a thing they call their Panhandle dinner, where they are free to poke a bit of fun at the press—the people they have to be nice to the other 364 days of the year. This time they put on another whizzeroo of a show, with Lena Horne creating a great



Shelley Winters and Terry Moore at the banquet given by the Screen Producers' Guild for Darryl F. Zanuck, studio head of 20th Century-Fox, at Statler Hotel.



Jack Carson plays hands off at Ciro's at Guy Mitchell's "Red Garters" show.

getting that situation straightened out before Susie came back. Gary Cooper's wife and child paid him a visit on the same location, starting the reconciliation rumors all over again.

Guess Hollywood won't be seeing Rosemary Clooney for some time—she joined Jose Ferrer in New York where he had several stage shows going and when last heard from they were planning a delayed honeymoon in Europe.

What Shirley Booth wants to do, now that she has finished her second Hollywood film, "About Mrs. Leslie," is a comedy with—of all people—Martin and Lewis. Wouldn't that be a hoot?

Those cute, nice married folks, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, are in a real whoop-de-do tale of derring-do, "The Black Shield Of Falworth," at U-I. They're never as happy as when they're working together and take a dim view of pictures that take them off in different directions on location.

Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer rented Errol Flynn's house, way off up in the hills, when they came to Hollywood for Mr. H's role in "The Talisman," but Hollywood saw very little of them be-



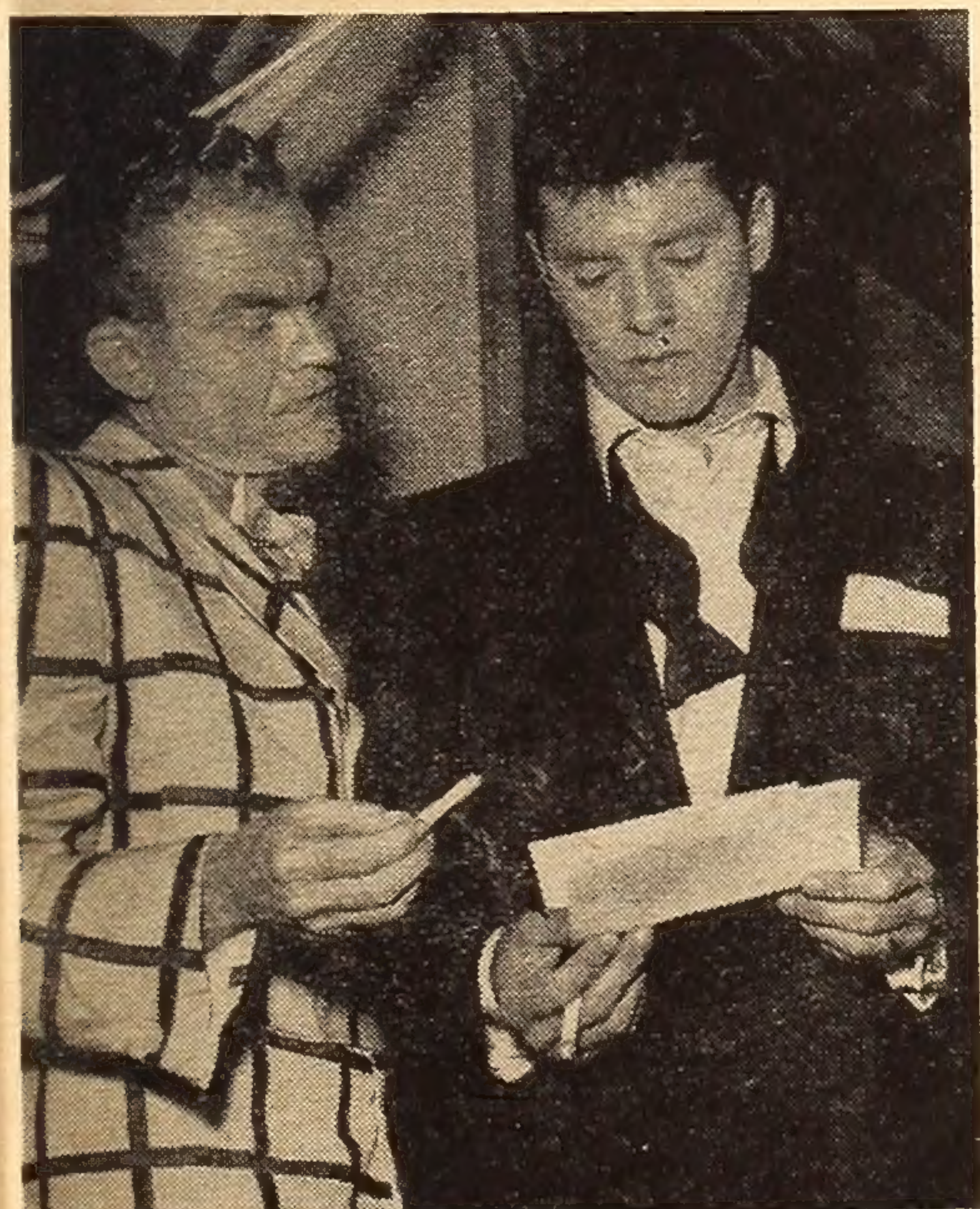
Ruth Hampton, Susan Cabot dress for U-I's musical showcasing new talent.

cause practically all of the Warner Brothers picture was shot on location out in the desert.

Arlene Dahl has sold her house in Hollywood and taken an apartment. When last heard from, practically nobody expected that she and Fernando Lamas would become Mr. & Mrs. Lamas.

The opening of a new ceramic factory doesn't sound like much of an event—but we can tell you that when the fabulous ceramist, Sascha Brastoff, unveiled his new establishment he had nothing but excited celebrities viewing the modern, all-glass and pastel-walled building. The big reception was held in the part of the factory where the pottery workers were actually mixing the clay and putting it on to cook in the big electric kilns. Zsa Zsa Gabor, looking like a piece of delicate porcelain, was with the attractive Wally Seawell, boy photographer. Jane Withers, Don Taylor, Gary Merrill (*here for a picture while Bette Davis stayed in the East*), George Montgomery (*Dinah was working*) and a gillion others looking bug-eyed at the beautiful place and some of them even asking the boss-man for jobs in such plush surroundings.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)



Spike Jones and Jerry Lewis plan skit for Muscular Dystrophy benefit show.



Jimmy Durante surrounded by the gorgeous Gabors, Zsa Zsa, Eva, Magda.



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Your guide to current films

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill

Miss Sadie Thompson

RITA HAYWORTH has forsaken her slinky
gowns and sexy songs for a topnotch
characterization in this Somerset Maug-
ham classic. Stranded on a heat drenched
tropical island, inhabited by 300 woman-
hungry Marines, Miss Sadie spends most
of her time wilting in the heat, barging
around in ill-fitting clothes and giving
out with an easy line of chatter, which
especially attracts Sgt. Aldo Ray. Rita's
lure for the Leatherneck prompts Island
owner and would-be reformer Jose Fer-
rer to order her deportation back to the
States where she's wanted for question-
ing. Unfortunately, his motives are not
for her regeneration, but for his personal
satisfaction, and when Rita becomes
aware of this she winds up on a boat
headed for Australia to await the arrival
of soon-to-be discharged Sgt. Ray. The
Jerry Wald production, which has been
updated from the earlier version, is
packed with powerful performances and
tinted in Technicolor. It's a really gaudy
'n' battlin' Rita that comes across. Co-
lumbia.



Rita Hayworth captures Marine Sgt.
Aldo Ray in "Miss Sadie Thompson."

The Glenn Miller Story

JIMMY STEWART's warm-hearted portray-
al of the great orchestra leader and his
desire to present something new in pop-
ular music, traces Miller's pre-fame days

when he's touring with Ben Pollack's
company. When he reaches Denver, Mil-
ler gets in touch with college girl friend
June Allyson, who, after a long distance
courtship, winds up as his bride. It is
Mrs. Miller who talks Glenn into resum-
ing his studies with music teacher Leo
Mostovoy, and it is from this association
that the first notes of "Moonlight Sere-
nade" are born. Before he can introduce
the melody at a Boston ballroom, Glenn
and his orchestra have a bus break-down
and they're stranded. Simultaneously, his



Robert Taylor, as Lancelot, and Mel Ferrer, as King Arthur, lead their men into
battle in "Knights Of The Round Table," MGM epic film of the legendary romance.



James Stewart pays tribute to a great musician in "The Glenn Miller Story."

wife, now pregnant, goes to the hospital, and the music debut is cancelled. Hearing of the *Millers'* misfortune, George Tobias, ballroom operator, rehires Glenn and from the moment he steps on the platform he's on his way. The band's top numbers, *Miller's* discovery of current music greats, and the orchestra leader's tragic death are all biographed in this touching tribute. Universal-International.

Knights Of The Round Table

ALL THE pageantry and lavishness of Sixth Century England have been recaptured in this elaborate enactment of King Arthur and his knights. The good king, portrayed by Mel Ferrer, is seeking to reunite his country to its former splendor, but is meeting with staunch opposition from his step-sister, *Morgan*, and her husband, *Modred*. Before he can put his plan to a vote *Arthur* barely escapes being murdered twice. Foiling both plots is *Lancelot* (*Robert Taylor*), who supports the king in the war that follows, but angrily denounces *Arthur's* pardon for *Modred*. While storming from the court *Lancelot* arrives in time to save *Lady Guinevere* (*Ava Gardner*) the king's betrothed from being abducted. Although the two fall hopelessly in love, she marries the king, which leaves the



Jack Leonard and Jane Powell in gay musical, "Three Sailors And A Girl."



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- ☐ A wolf call ☐ Knit wit ☐ Cashmere

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Your guide to current films

CONTINUED

knight free to wed the fair *Elaine*, Maureen Swanson. The ensuing reels unfold a series of heroics and counter feats that are enough to satisfy even the most blood-thirsty adventurer. The principals turn in peak performances, but somehow the real star is the majestic splendor surrounding them. MGM.

Three Sailors And A Girl

JANE POWELL, Gordon MacRae, Gene Nelson and 300-pound "kewpie," Jack Leonard, breeze through this Technicolor tuner with a happy abandon that's downright contagious. Jane's a promising young singer in an unproduced Broadway show. Gordon, Gene and Jack are the "angels" who back the production with the back pay their shipmates have given them to invest. Although the show is a flop in its out-of-town opening, the sailors inject some nautical know-how into the musical and it winds up a Broadway smash. There're plenty of pop tunes from Jane and Gordon, some showy dances from Gene, plus some real yaks from Leonard, Sam Levene, Veda Ann Borg and Archer MacDonald. Roy Del Ruth directed this enjoyable musical. Warner Bros.

Beneath The 12-Mile Reef

THE UNDERWATER beauty and treachery that daily faces sponge divers off the Florida coast is excitingly captured in CinemaScope. Aging Greek diver Gilbert Roland promises his son, Robert Wagner, that on their next trip out he can make his first dive. They decide to invade the English divers' territory where they know the rich sponge beds lie. They are discovered and their cargo shanghaied. Anxious to get their load back, they invade "Conch" territory, but end up losing not only their spoils, but Bob's heart to Terry Moore. It is then that Roland makes his fatal mistake of deciding to go to the 12-mile reef. When he is killed, his son not only faces making his first dive, but in



Bob Wagner, Gilbert Roland as sponge divers in "Beneath The 12-Mile Reef."



Richard Todd, Glynis Johns in swash-buckling Highlands tale of "Rob Roy."

the death trap that has captured both his father and brother before him. The bobby-sox appeal of Terry and Bob, the eerie underwater beauty, plus the natural adventures of the diving profession, provide an all-round family attraction. 20th Century-Fox.

Rob Roy

THE HIGHLANDERS' fight against the oppressions of the ministers of King George I offers a springboard for Richard Todd to leap from adventure to adventure as the clan's leader. In an effort to defeat his popular appeal, an amnesty is extended to all clans, except Todd's. This forces him to leave his beautiful bride, Glynis Johns, and to hide as a fugitive, but even under the brand of an outlaw, Todd manages to make himself heard and to have his holdings returned. The beautiful Technicolor lensing, coupled with the star's exciting, derring-do, makes for a gusty swashbuckler. Disney-RKO

Wicked Woman

COCKTAIL WAITRESS Beverly Michaels is a gal who doesn't mind taking orders as long as they come from her good-looking boss, Dick Egan. Once she attracts Egan's interest (and how can she miss with that slinky white wardrobe?), her next step is to persuade him to sell the

bar and go to Mexico with her. Only hitch is Dick's wife, Evelyn Scott, co-owner of the grill who has to sign the sale papers. Although Egan would just as soon leave the country without the money, Beverly's a little more greedy and finally decides to masquerade as the wife and forge the signatures. Unfortunately, snoopy Percy Helton overhears the plot and manages to foul up the transaction, the trip and the romance. The picture, which provides several innovations to the "eternal triangle," is a Russell Rouse-Clarence Greene production, and features Beverly, Dick and Percy in one of the slambangiest fight scenes yet staged on the screen. U.A.

Bad For Each Other

ARM Y SURGEON Charlton Heston is much more interested in turning his doctor's bag in for a satchel full of greenbacks, than he's willing to admit. While on leave from the service, Heston drops by to see Ray Collins, owner of the mine in which he worked to earn money for his schooling. The attractive young medico interests Collins' wayward daughter, Liz Scott, who immediately starts pulling strings to get him discharged and into a plush job with a society physician. Though her plotting works, Heston secretly believes he should be doing more important work helping mine doctor, Rhys Williams. Still in a quandary, Heston's decision is made for him, when a mine explosion occurs, and he rushes to his friend's aid. The film is somber stuff, tensely enacted. Columbia.

The Wild One

THE MINUTE Marlon Brando and his motorcycle brigade whirl into town, they start terrorizing the populace. Their hopped-up speed races down the main street cause an accident in which one of the cyclist's legs are broken. Pinned down by this delay, the gang lets out their pent-up emotions on the town folks, particularly the gals. While Brando is carrying on a mild flirtation with waitress Mary Murphy (daughter of Robert Keith, the town's sole policeman), real trouble is brewing. An outlaw motorcycle group



"Bad For Each Other" is tense film with Ann Robinson, Charlton Heston.

arrives in town spoiling for a fight, which is thwarted only after the state militia is called in and the indignant townspeople take up arms. It's a wild weekend which finally simmers down with Brando buzzing off on his scooter mumbling something about "that chick sure got to me." The Stanley Kramer production about today's youth is definitely in the off-beat class. It's loaded with good character portrayals, be-bop talk, and moody photography. Columbia.

Give A Girl A Break

THE YOUTH and talents of Debbie Reynolds, Marge and Gower Champion, Bob Fosse and Helen Wood help to zing this backstage musical along at a fairly pleasant pace. Gower's a stage director who decides to cast an unknown actress in the star role, and then spends the rest of the film trying to decide whether the part should go to Debbie, Marge or Helen. Of course, each "audition" gives way to a lavish production number, with each aspirant out to top the other. Net result: Utter confusion, until Miss Wood decides to return to hubby Dick Anderson, Marge snares Gower, and Debbie nabs the role. Film's well stocked with songs, slapstick and specialty numbers. Stanley Donen directed. MGM. END



Beverly Michaels is a drifter in love with Richard Egan in "Wicked Woman."



With his motorcycle gang, Marlon Brando terrorizes a whole town in "The Wild One," but finds time between brawls for a flirtation with waitress Mary Murphy.

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what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

Paid one of our periodic calls on the night club circuit, just to see if there was anything new. Newest thing was the appearance of Eartha Kitt at the Mocambo. Even the birds were crowded all through this young girl singer's engagement and she's due for a second stand there when she comes back in "New Faces," which you will see before too long on the movie screens. The entrance of the glamorous Marlene Dietrich caused, as usual, the most terrific stir in the bistro. This was just before she went to Las Vegas for her night club debut.

Went on to Ciro's to see Johnny Ray, who is not nearly as weepy as he used to be. Ran into that cute red-head Betty Lynn—who's Ray Bolger's girl friend on his "Where's Raymond" TV show—with her best beau, actor Harry Bronson. Betty and Harry are on the verge of a merge, but don't tell them I said so.

Can't tell you what happened, but the proposed act that Judy Holliday and Peter Lawford were putting together is no more—just nothing. They aren't even seeing each other, period.

Even Hollywood is wondering—and talking—about what made Bobby run. That's Bob Mitchum, of course, and he ran when a motorcycle officer stopped him for going 70 miles an hour on one of our boulevards. Bob saw his chance, stepped on the gas, and outran the officer. Later, he said he thought the policeman was a bandit. Well, that's a likely story.

Jane Russell wasn't able to go to New York for the big, splashy opening of



The Dean Martins at Muscular Dystrophy show staged by Martin and Lewis.

*RKO's "The French Line" which they held aboard the beautiful French liner, *Liberte*. But Mary McCarty, who co-stars with Jane, was there for the festivities, since she was knocking them dead at the Plaza with her comedy antics. Ever since Mary appeared on "This Is Your Life" when they dramatized Martha Raye's career, she's been besieged with television offers—not merely as a comedienne-singer but as a dramatic actress.*

The most interesting trio, thinking back on the Joan Crawford "Torch Song" party, was Miss C., seated between Jerry Lewis and his wife, Patti. Jerry kept Joan in stitches and when Jerry got off on a comedy routine in that knocked-out voice of his, most everybody at the other tables stopped talking and listened to



Joan Evans, Van Heflin and Pat Crowley, at the first anniversary of the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas, about to bury the time capsule filled with film mementoes.

VALENTINE STORY

Elizabeth MacDonald



ne Allyson and Dick Powell, married eight years, still behave in that special way which is more indicative of courtship.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY had its living symbol, such as Mother's and Father's Days have, there isn't any doubt whom Hollywood would choose as its favorite romantic twosome, not just of this year but of every year. For if ever a man and a girl went around looking at each other with their hearts in their eyes, those two are Dick Powell and June Allyson.

After eight years of marriage, too. After all those promises that their marriage didn't have even an outside chance of success. In spite of the differences in

their personalities which would have set some couples as dissimilar to gritting their teeth before the honeymoon was over. In spite of circumstances too, which could have sent their marriage crashing, they are still not only together but together in that special way which is usually more indicative of courtship than marriage. And if it took any particular doing June and Dick would be the last to know of it, or to be able to offer any contrived technique as their secret for those happy years together.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)

THE REPORTS that Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers were planning to desert Hollywood and place Pickfair, their fabulous Beverly Hills estate, on the open market for sale, then embark on a two years' world tour, were met with heated denials. The false rumors began in Rome and spread to Paris and London before snowballing across the United States. They came to an abrupt stop in Hollywood with the Rogers-Pickford declaration that the stories were ridiculous, but not before such notables as Lucille and Desi Arnaz and Jack "Dragnet" Webb were reported bidding for Pickfair, lock, stock and prestige value . . .

The Communist-tinged expose that so embarrassed Lucille Ball last year is not yet officially ended. Lucille faces further questioning in the not-too-distant future. She's been cleared 100%, but former associates who were not available for comment months ago have been located and will be called to Washington, D. C., for cross-examining so that records can be completed and the case per-

manently closed . . .

Hollywood quaked when word leaked out that another scandal was due to rock the town. A nationally famous singer (*still under contract to a major studio*) was about to face paternity charges for an alleged indiscretion involving a Los Angeles teenager. The youthful, unmarried singer, a favorite with the hobby sox brigade, won the backing of his studio officials and the matter was hushed up with an out-of-court settlement. Fifty percent of the actor-singer's weekly paycheck is being deducted until he has squared himself with his film bosses. He was already in hock up to his talented tonsils before this escapade added to his woes . . .

WATCH for revived interest in the mysterious disappearance of the late Glenn Miller. Producers of "The Glenn Miller Story" are hoping that recently uncovered evidence regarding the plane "accident" in which the popular musician lost his life, will not be made public.



Dorothy Kilgallen's **Exclusive Movie Gossip**

**READING BETWEEN THE LINES OF
INTIMATE GOSSIP ABOUT THE
OFF-GUARD ACTIVITIES OF THE STARS**



Jane Powell, having an uproarious time dancing with her dad Jacques Mapes, later saw ex-hubby Geary Steffen on floor.

while the film based on his career is being shown in theatres coast-to-coast. This is a switch, because normally film makers encourage that sort of publicity-promotion timed with the release of their pictures. In this case the procedure is reversed—they're frantic with worry. It's Hollywood's biggest "inside story" . . .

Marlene Dietrich's opening song number during her Hotel Sahara personal appearance in Las Vegas, was "Baubles, Bangles and Beads"—a tune from the Broadway musical, "Kismet." The New York show which stars Alfred Drake, was originally produced many years ago with Otis Skinner. The show's plot once served as a screen vehicle for Marlene and Ronald Colman with Marlene portraying a harem favorite and Bagdad dancing queen. It was not one of the glamorous Dietrich's great successes, nor did it add any luster to Ronald Colman's reputation . . .

Bob Mitchum's evasion of the law when he was stopped while driving at 78 m.p.h. won the (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



Man-about-town Nicky Hilton Jr. is still playing the field with success as seen by his *Ciro's* date with Georgine Leopold.



Ava-less Frank Sinatra in animated conversation with foreign star, Bella Darvi, at Producers' Dinner for Darryl Zanuck.

Zsa Zsa Gabor entering theatre for West Coast premiere of "Torch Song." Behind Zsa Zsa is her escort Bundy Solt.



Charles Boyer greets Ginger Rogers at *Pen & Pencil* in Manhattan at champagne supper in her honor. He's on B'way stage.

All is again well between Mercedes McCambridge and Joan Crawford after feud. They chatted at Joan's Romanoff party.



Dorothy Kilgallen's

Exclusive Movie Gossip

CONTINUED

support of his fellow-players and studio executives. Win or lose, the "Mitchum Case" will start the ball rolling in defense of film players who are always heavily exploited for minor and major infractions of the law. Gail Russell's unfortunate example—she had the book thrown at her when she was picked up for drunken driving—is another case in point. Hollywood citizens feel they should pay the price for their mistakes, but the matter should be private and not Page One copy . . .

IF NORA HAYMES ever collects all the combined alimonies and child support payments due her from Dick Haymes and Errol Flynn, she'll practically be the richest woman in Flickerville . . .

Mario Lanza is behaving more oddly all the time. He sits around his house day and night, eats gobs of spaghetti, drinks wine like water and broods for hours on end. He hasn't sung in months and won't even oblige his agent by considering the concert and personal appearance offers that are still rolling in. A minimum working schedule could net him close to \$500,000 for 40-weeks work. At this writing he won't even listen to the offers. At his last medical check-up he weighed in at 225 lbs. stripped and his blood pressure was abnormally high . . .

Why the Hollywood Women's Press Club didn't nominate Doris Day as 1953's Most Uncooperative Star, has half the population in the film colony surprised—and disappointed. There are those however, who remind the anti-Day crowd that she's been very ill. But Doris' detractors retort that the "award" is long overdue . . .

SUNSET BOULEVARD scuttlebutt has it another film femme, Mercedes McCambridge, is also in line for an unpopularity award of sorts. Her temperament on the "Johnny Guitar" set, in



Elizabeth Taylor, with husband Michael Wilding, and son Michael Jr., at the Villa Borghese gardens in Rome. All the rift rumors, apparently, were utterly unfounded.

which she's featured, was of Oscar proportions. Her performance in the film is another matter and many of her scenes in the Western will be snipped—the explanation for this being that Mercedes was "miscast" to begin with. And after all the screen testing that went on before the film went into production . . .

Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio have been having "differences of opinion" and one of her closest of friends can be heard hinting that all is not well in the romance department. When 'Joltin' Joe isn't on the

West Coast, Marilyn is supposed to restrict her dating to mutual friends of both, and this regime is beginning to tell on her. It's hard to believe, but she's the loneliest girl in movietown—her success and fame haven't brought her much happiness. One of the Hollywood males she used to date secretly before DiMaggio stepped into the picture was Freddie Karger. Matter of fact, it was after a tiff with Karger that she switched to the baseball star . . .

Guy Mitchell is doing his best to keep from taking a property settlement beating (CONTINUED ON PAGE 69)



Jeff Chandler, Debbie Reynolds and her date, Bob Tevis, at "Torch Song" preem.



Jane Wyman with guest of honor Charles Coburn at Masquers Club formal dinner



Everyone is rooting for Judy, and on the first day of "A Star Is Born" she was welcomed on set by Jack M. Warner,

Steve Trilling, William Orr, Producer-hubby Sid Luft, Jack L. Warner, Director George Cukor and Winton Hoch.

COMEBACK

by Jack Holland

on the sick list and holding up the film's production.

Before the picture began Judy was getting about twelve hours sleep a night—without benefit of sleeping pills. She has been getting plenty of rest ever since. There's no doubt that she's taking it easy, playing it carefully for the long haul. She's not playing any games with herself this time.

To date, Judy has been so conscientious about the picture that she even came to work one day with her jaw swollen twice its normal size. To some gossip-minded individuals, this was immediately transformed into a nice little tale about Judy and her husband, Sid Luft, having a hassle. The actual facts weren't nearly as hair-raising.

Judy had to have some teeth extracted. The operation was so serious that she couldn't be given just ordinary gas. She had to go to a hospital for the job and was also given an anaesthesia stronger than gas. The next morning, though, she came to work. This scarcely sounds as though she were up to the kind of antics that put a halt

to her screen career for a time, not too long ago.

Judy is approaching her picture with serious intensity. The mere fact that this is *her* production, along with that of her husband-producer and Warner Brothers, who will release the film, should make it clear to all concerned that Judy wouldn't waste time on her own package deal. After all, it was she and Sid who took the whole idea of "A Star Is Born" to Warners for possible production. And Jack Warner, a smart individual, would certainly not have invested the hard, cold dollars of his studio into any deal unless he had been certain that Judy was perfectly okay again and that she was really anxious to get back to work.

Judy's role is probably the most difficult of her career.

"I've never worked so hard in my life," Judy has said. "This is not only a trying part, but I also have to sing and dance. The picture will be worth all the work, though, I hope."

One of the persistent rumors, of course, was that Judy was still much, much too over- (CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)

by Michael Sheridan

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO BETTY?

HAS BETTY GRABLE LOST INTEREST IN
HER CAREER OR HAS SHE BEEN LOST IN THE SHUFFLE?



"STARS may come and stars may go, but there is one actress in Hollywood who—if she wished it—could go on forever. A star who can proudly say that not one of her pictures has ever lost money at the box-office. She's Betty Grable, and few other stars who have been at the game as long as she can say the same."

These are the words of one of Hollywood's most popular men, Louis Shurr, who has discovered more talent than probably any other talent agent in the business. Although he doesn't handle her, Lou thinks that when it comes to

actresses, Betty is "the greatest."

One night this writer was talking to her mother, Lillian Grable. She said, "You know, even I'm baffled. My little girl started when she was seven. Then when she became a big star many years later I found it hard to believe that a child actress had become a mature woman—and the whole world of show business was still in front of her."

What Mrs. Grable was trying to say is that (a) few child actresses ever succeed in later life, (b) her daughter was revealing none of the wear and tear of a long life in a hard game. Betty today



Betty and Harry James on their recent joint p.a. learned that each is still big box-office.

looks just as young as she ever did, and her legs are still "The Legs." That was five years ago and today the picture hasn't changed.

But now, as talented as she ever was, as youthful as she ever looked, as popular as she has ever been, Betty Grable has a new philosophy in life. "I've had my chance," she says, "and I've made my way in the job of being a performer. I've been at it a long time, and I think that now I would like to try other pastures. I have become more interested in other people's success than a continuance of my own."

Behind these words lies Betty Grable's admission that she has lost interest in her own career. She will tell her most intimate friends that she feels that she has gone as far as anyone can in the making of movies, and that no matter how good or original a new script might be—it will still be the same thing. One movie after another.

First and last, Betty Grable is a good trouper. As far as she is concerned, and where the trust and the millions of a studio are involved, the show must go on. But in the last few months Betty has begun to wonder: how long, as far as she is concerned, can the bonanza last?

Truth of the matter is that audiences have never tired of Betty Grable, acting, dancing and laughing in one mediocre-to-fair and occasionally top musical comedy after another. Often her talented efforts have pulled a dog of a movie out of the mire of critical disdain . . . and left her bowed with public accolades.

But Betty Grable has never won an Academy Award, and there are many in Hollywood who wish that the long years of her being a good scout and a competent entertainer might have produced more honors—rather than all the riches. Yet, there's no question that as long as the industry exists, everyone will remember Betty Grable as a bright, shining example of popular stardom.

But that strange things are happening in the happy domesticated life, and the successful acting career, of Betty Grable, there's no question. Pointing up the fact that she may have lost considerable, if not all, interest in her own personal career exists the record of the last few months.

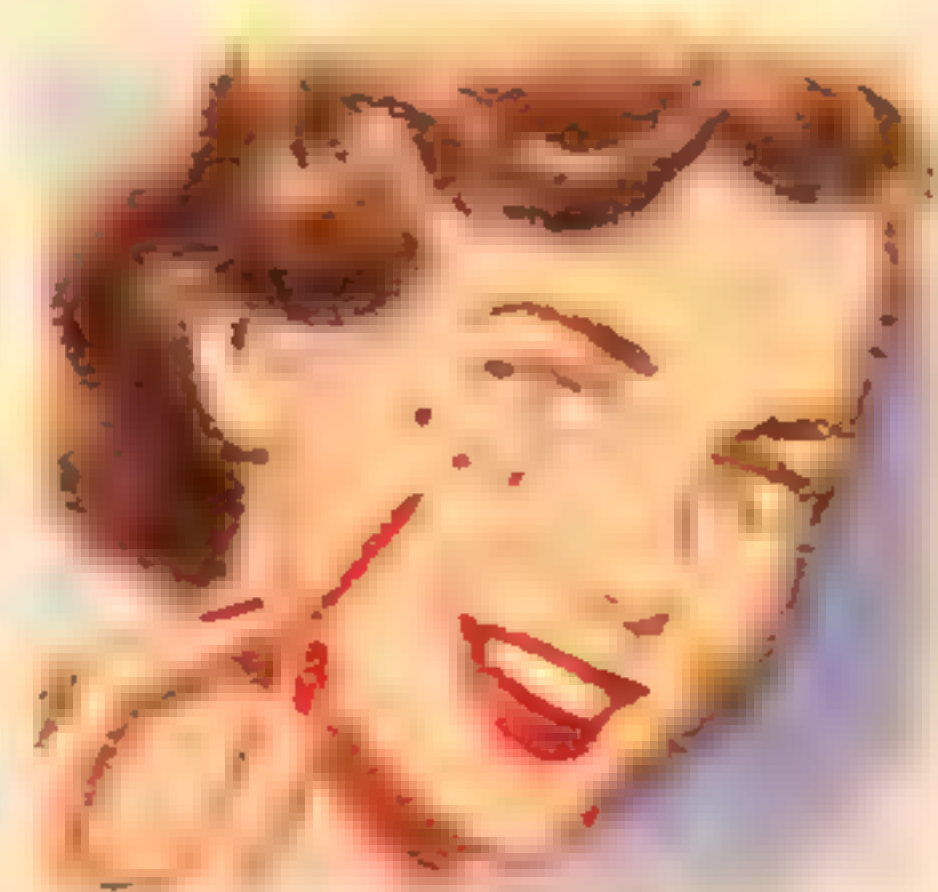
For a long (CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)

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ZSA ZSA'S



George Sanders stole march on Zsa Zsa by filing for divorce.

Zsa Zsa's unpredictable didoes keep Hollywood breathless.

Wherever she is, whatever the fates hold for her, Zsa Zsa Gabor is an exciting individual whose life is as uninhibited as her comments

by LOUIS REID

FANTASTIC BEHAVIOR!

IT WAS Hollywood's belief Zsa Zsa Gabor, the effervescent enchantress who makes even gorgecus dames hard on the eyes, would never lack a piquant word about love and marriage.

Her own marriage to George Sanders, that is.

However . . . when George, certain their love had at last become thoroughly chilled, beat her to the deep freeze in filing for divorce, Zsa Zsa had nothing—absolutely nothing—to say.

In other days, despite the continuous reports of their rifts, she was always ready with provocative comment on how much George loved her and she loved George.

One reason why newspaper presses have been so hot in the last five years was the breathless bulletins the blonde beauty was forever issuing about their tempestuous love—the separations and reconciliations.

"Never in my life have I loved a man so crazily," she once asserted. "We didn't have a fight. He just left me, but he will be back because I love him."

Or,

"We love each other very much. But in ten years, who knows?"

Eventually, George, whom her mother once termed "as cold as an ice box," was to declare that "life with

Zsa Zsa is like life on the slopes of an active volcano."

Hot or cold, their romance has affected him physically, resulting in a "run down condition," he said, as he sued for divorce charging "cruel and inhuman treatment."

The news was not surprising to Hollywood. But the film town is mindful that if a courtroom battle is fought it will make that of the John Waynes look like a pillow fight.

For one thing, this particular bust-up had a Continental flavor. Its settings embrace Rome and Paris and London and the Riviera, in addition to New York and Hollywood. Its characters include many headlined members of the international set.

Finally, the two stars of the drama themselves possess the sophisticated glamour of world celebrities—glamour reflecting the suave and glittering comic opera traditions of old world capitals and castles.

Meanwhile, as the couple consult their attorneys and make ready for the announced final—positively last—round of their on-again-off-again marriage, it is revealed that no property settlement is involved.

"There is no property to divide," said George's Hollywood lawyer, Martin Gang, while Hollywood raised its most quizzical brow.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)



The Sanders were either hating or loving each other, depending on mood.



Her dates with Porfirio Rubirosa convinced George marriage was over.



With Nick Ray at opening. One day she's for wedlock, against it the next.

DON'T BE OBVIOUS, GIRLS!

by **ROBERT STACK**

Nothing Bob says can apply to best girl Claudette Thornton.



AS SEEN BY THIS MARRIAGEABLE GUY, THAT'S ONE OF THE TRAITS IN THE WOMEN MEN DON'T MARRY

THE OTHER EVENING I had a date with a very attractive girl who lived in the very correct section of Pasadena, and I looked forward to being with her because we planned to take in a concert at the Hollywood Bowl and then attend a reception honoring the pianist who was headlining that night's program. It would be something pleasantly different, and the concerto we'd hear was one I particularly liked.

When I called for her and we started our drive down the Freeway toward the Bowl, she said, "You know, Bob, I rarely go out with actors." Then she added, "I don't go to movies, so I can't tell you how good you were in your last picture." Finally she capped this brilliant conversation with, "I suppose you're out with me tonight because you couldn't get a date with Terry Moore."

Now, any self-respecting man can't be blamed for bridling at this kind of talk, and at that particular moment, I was no exception. In a few short moments she had put me on the defensive and ruined what otherwise might have been a nice evening, and although I carried on with my part of the bargain and saw our date through to the bitter end, I must confess that it was something of a strain to remain a gentleman throughout it all.

Now, I'm not one to complain long and loud about such a fiasco, because a repetition of the whole thing can be readily avoided by never calling the girl again. Yet the blunt fact remains that this girl and her sisters under the skin follow a typical pattern which we bachelors pro tem gradually have become aware of, and they give us very plain guiding posts for (CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)

Try not to be conscious of your body, even if like Claudette's.



Be neither a self-centered careerist, nor a phony sophisticate, warns Bob. ▶





ACTRESS, WIFE AND DEVOUT CHURCHWOMAN, JANE
RUSSELL HAS INSPIRED SUCH DIVERSE PRESS
COMMENT, YOU REACH THE INEVITABLE CONCLUSION—

JANE HAS THREE HEADS

by Dee Phillips

SEXY PICTURES of Jane Russell have overrun the nation's press, her deep religious convictions have been written about and editorialized on, her home life with Robert Waterfield, the complete boss, has been noted in big, black print, and her completely uninhibited shenanigans at the studio have caused no end of misunderstandings. All this has only led to the question of not who, but *what* is Jane Russell!

The answer is really very simple—Jane Has Three Heads. She will explain the three sharply contrasting personalities with a naive, "I need all of them. One takes the steam out of the other. If I had only one of these lives I'd go stark, staring ignorant!"

So, take your pick of the following three gals—and if you can understand all three, perhaps you'll find them all delightful. At least you'll begin to understand the gal who wears her three heads so well.

The first Head is the most flamboyant and colorful one. This is the working Jane. Unpredictable, roaring, impatient, under-



With her Actress Head high, versatile Jane joins Arlene Dahl and Marie Wilson in a singing trio at the Screen Writers' Guild award dinner. At right, her Home Head relaxes at the Waterfield piano.

standing, loyal, human, protector of the "little ones," forgetful, maddening, and lovable—these are the traits for which she is known. And yet, as Jane says about herself seriously, "I usually don't take a stand unless it's for something basic. When I say 'no' I mean it. I believe in peace and quite often I'll take the line of least resistance."

Her co-workers would stand with their mouths agape at this statement. Yet, they will admit gamely that she has, on occasion, taken the line of least resistance—but only when she was too tired to do otherwise. These people who love her, yet could kick her some times, know that Jane will scream long and loudly and quite often in their defense.

Jane is really being honest when she says what she thinks of her working self, but she doesn't really see herself as others do.

For instance, on being called unpredictable Jane speculates, "I'm not unpredictable. People just don't understand that I like things, ideas, and conversations stripped to the bone. I don't have the time or patience for all (CONTINUED ON PAGE 55)





CINDERELLA 1954

WHAT ONCE SEEMED JUST A FAR-FETCHED DREAM OF HOLLYWOOD GLORY TOOK ELAINE STEWART OUT OF A MONTCLAIR BOX-OFFICE, UP TO THE SCREEN

by Tom Carlson

EVERYONE loves a rags-to-riches story, and everyone loves the one about the girl from the small town who makes good in the big, and sometimes bad, city. Such a girl is brown-eyed, auburn haired Elaine Stewart, to whom the magic wand of Hollywood fame and fortune has given the Cinderella touch.

One of the newest of the young movie stars who seemingly can have her pumpkin and eat it, too—Elaine, nevertheless, is sufficiently frank to confess that it wasn't always that way. In fact, Hans Christian Andersen might have woven this fable of the girl with the twinkle of far-fetched dreams in her pretty eyes.

It all began in Montclair, New Jersey, on a night when the skies were dark and dismal, and very few people were on the street. The only bright note was the marquee and lobby lights of the local theatre where Elaine, still in high school, worked as a cashier.

The tall, handsome police officer ambled over to the box-office. "Any hold-ups tonight, Elaine?"

Behind the glass and brass grill-work, Elaine grinned. "Just my career. Nobody tonight said, 'Why aren't you in pictures?'"

"I'll wait till you're through," said the police officer, "and I'll walk home with you."

A few minutes later, as they ambled comfortably along towards the little home that her father and mother kept so well—and sometimes with such difficulty in making ends meet—Elaine talked, as she always did in those days. She wanted security for the children—there were four others besides herself. She wanted to see her mother work less hard, her father worry less.

"Don't worry," she said for the hundredth time, and squeezed the police officer's arm affectionately, "I'll make it yet."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 71)



"I worked hard and I guess everything turned out all right," says the pride of New Jersey.



Brown-eyed, auburn haired, Elaine was a model TV actress and "Miss Everything."

MGM studio head Dore Schary is proud of his newcomers Elaine, Dewey Martin. ►

LIVE WITH



Judge Georgia Bullock with Roy and Dale and the little Indian girl they have adopted to replace lost baby.

SORROW HAS BEEN THE
MATERIAL OUT OF WHICH
DALE EVANS AND ROY
ROGERS HAVE BUILT A
RICHER AND STRONGER
LIFE—THE BEST POSSIBLE

by Mary Frazer



Roy and Dale at Hollywood fete. "Turn your ups and downs into inspiration," advises Roy, who with Dale, has been sustained through their darkest hours by this belief.

YOUR TROUBLES



By making friends with sorrow Dale and Roy have found tranquility.

With Trigger. Roy is close to whatever concerns him very deeply.



STRUGGLES and sorrows. Don't ever forget them!

"LIVE WITH THEM! MAKE THEM A PART OF YOUR LIFE!"

For then, and only then, can you achieve the true tranquility which lets you enjoy all the bounty the years can bestow.

It's sort of strange to think of Roy Rogers saying these words, isn't it? After all, you see Roy and his beautiful wife, Dale Evans, decked out in dazzling Western regalia, riding into the horizon or the rodeo ring with a yippy-ay-aye, singing up a storm of applause, laughter, good American fun and excitement.

Roy's rich. Roy's famous. Roy has a home and family that are as fabulous as they are photogenic. He's master of a new yacht, owns a fleet of autos, and, as everyone knows, has a stable full of fine steeds headed by the redoubtable Trigger.

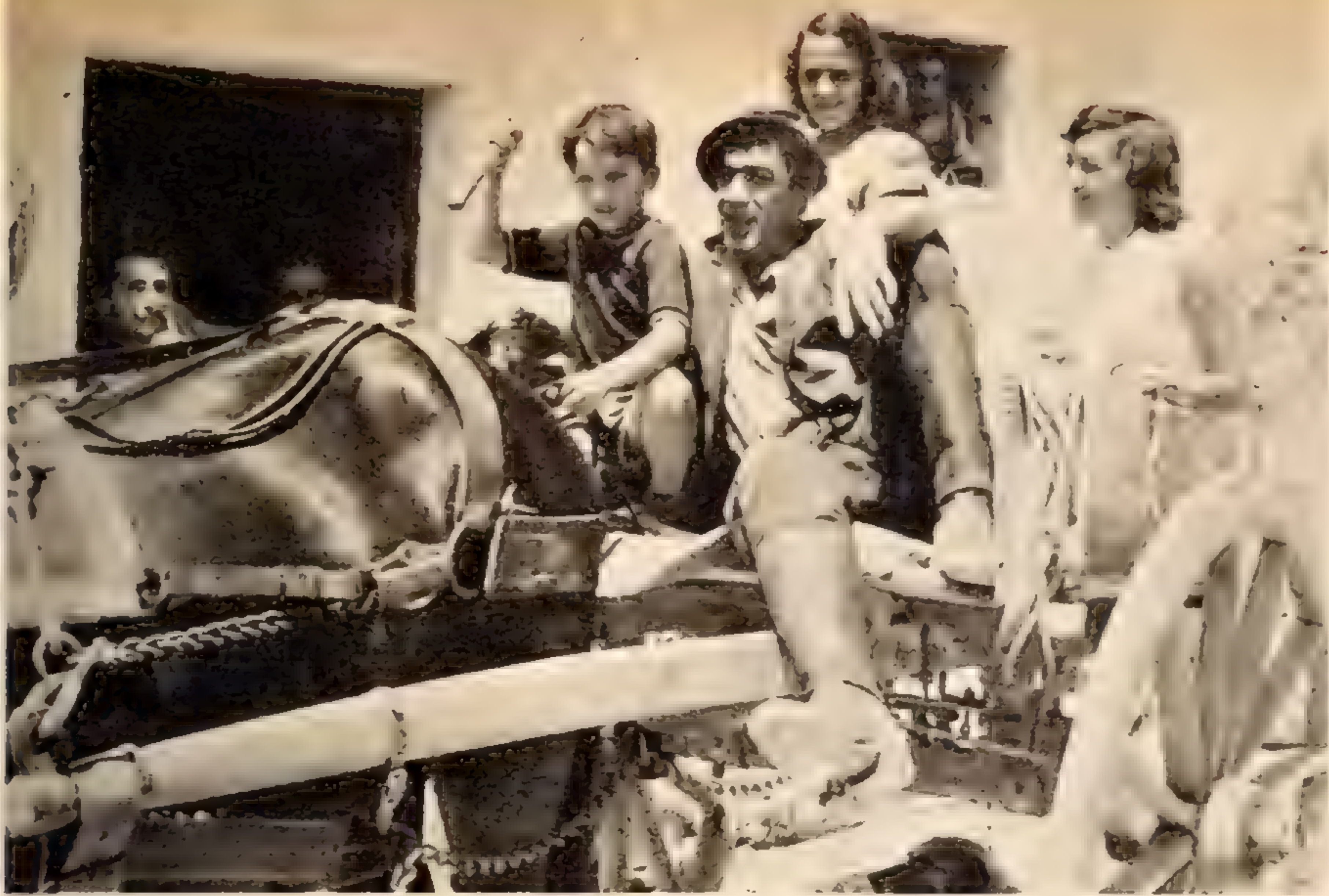
No one's to deny that here is a very lucky man. And you're especially aware of it when you visit the Rogers' ranch in the San Fernando Valley outside Hollywood, where the family has gathered together all of the ingredients of good living into nine glorious acres.

Visiting Roy and Dale was a day of dazzling disclosures for me. And yet . . . yet, I remember most vividly those few brief moments when Roy spoke those words, in one of the tiny rooms in the "guest house," which once served as nursery for their beloved daughter, Robin Elizabeth.

The visit had come after dinner, which the Rogerses call "supper," and which is set for six o'clock straight up, the better to include every member of the family around the bountiful board. The food was placed, family style, on a sort of "Lazy Susan," four feet across, fastened by a hub to the center of the regular table, which is a huge circular affair.

Actor George Montgomery designed and made this table for them. By giving the "Lazy Susan" a spin, and stopping it at the desired item, one can simply help one's self to fresh vegetables, broiled meats, salads, hot biscuits, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)





With three of his four kids.
"They're quite a bunch," he says
proudly. Tony's been wed
16 yrs. to Katherine DeMille.

"FEMALES MAY HAVE INVENTED
MARRIAGE TO TRAP THE MALE SEX.
IF SO, I'M TRAPPED FOR GOOD,
FOR I'M A PRETTY CONTENTED HUSBAND"

A VILLAIN'S VIEWS ON MARRIAGE

by ANTHONY QUINN

Rome

ANY GUY who opens up his trap to tell the world the inside story of his marriage is a darned fool. You're better off talking about a dish you crave—gastro-nomical, not female—the work you're doing, politics, Freud, even Einstein, but not your marriage. What in heck does a husband know about it?

I've lived with Katie DeMille Quinn for nearly 6000 days and nights. You know how it is, you talk, sometimes you argue. You have fun together. You share disappointments and sorrow from time to time. You go through a thousand important and silly little experiences together. You think that after all this time, you *know* the woman—her thoughts, habits, likes and dislikes. But friends, you're *wrong*. You don't know from *nothing*!

Case in point. Just a few days ago, a short time before Katie and I were to celebrate our 16th anniversary, we were sitting and gabbing away. I don't know how it happened, but before I knew it, we were talking religious theory. Suddenly, I was looking at the woman

goggle-eyed. Where did she get some of her ideas? They were fine ideas, but I'd never heard them from *her* before. I sat there, my big mouth wide open. Was I listening to Katherine DeMille Quinn, the gal I married in 1937, I asked myself? I thought, "Pal, this is where you came in. You've got to start all over again from the beginning with this dame." It shook me.

I thought about that incident a lot. Then it came to me, one of those quick-as-a-flash things. Thank God, Katie had her own ideas. If she didn't, she probably couldn't live with me or maybe I with her. Marriage unites two people, but if each one doesn't keep some individuality, watch out. I want my wife to be *my* wife and all that, but I'm glad that she has ideas of her own. Katie's talk is good, stimulating talk. She's intelligent as well as, if I may say so with a bit of bloated male pride, being a darned attractive gal. She's got sense and she's sensitive. When you come home to her, you don't face one of those dull, roulette-wheel type of conversations, the tired "Hello, dear, did (CONTINUED ON PAGE 61)

◀ Tony and Kerima in the Italian film, "Cavalleria Rusticana."



SHE



Rehearsing with Director Jack Arnold
and Dialogue Director Irving Berwick.

HAD TO BE BAD!



Kathleen uses her wiles on Edward G. Robinson in U-I's "The Glass Web."



Co-star John Forsythe congratulates Kathleen on symbol of stardom—nameplate on dressing room.

**BEING THE "OTHER WOMAN" HAS WON OUT FOR KATHLEEN HUGHES—
THE FACE ON THE CUTTING ROOM FLOOR UNTIL SEX ENTERED HER LIFE**

by Jon Bruce

IF IT hadn't been for a tight skirt and an equally form-revealing blouse, this story might never have been written.

This is the saga of a girl whose curves melted into, and gave a provocative emphasis to, a skirt and a blouse. She did for them what all girls would like to be able to do for them.

Her name is Kathleen Hughes.

In case you aren't familiar with the young blonde sex queen of Universal-International, you might recall her in a brief scene in "It Came From Outer Space." This was a bit role she begged for—simply because it was U-I's first 3-D picture. Once audiences got a gander at the Hughes curves, whistles rent the theatres. This brought her to the attention of the studio and she was promptly cast again in a vixenish, form-fitting role in "The Glass Web." Now the town is yelling like crazy over this new discovery.

But she's no new face to movies. She had played a boy-friend stealer, a second lead with Ann Blyth in "Sally And St. Anne," and nothing happened. Before that she had been under contract to 20th Century-Fox and had appeared in fourteen pictures. In six of these she was cut out entirely, and she had her name on the credits in only three. In all of the pictures she was a long-haired brunette, demure, and innocent—and who wore flat heels because she didn't want to look tall.

Then Paul Henreid interviewed her when she left 20th and she won out over fifty girls for the part of a real witch. It was Paul who saw in Kathleen a real hunk of luring femininity. It was he who advised her to cut her long tresses and do a blonde dye job on them. The picture was "For Men Only"—and as far as the men are concerned they'd like to have Kathleen for themselves only.

Kathleen is quite amazed over the discovery that she's a real sexy number.

"I just never thought I'd be the type to be considered sexy," Kathleen said in her disarmingly frank manner. "And frankly I love it. I love posing for cheesecake. I did a lot of modeling when I was freelancing and I did pose in a couple of U.S. versions of *Bikinis*."

"Sexy roles are all right with me because I know they can do a lot towards making a star out of a person. I have always believed that personality is as important as talent in the movie business. So that brings up the question: what kind of a personality am I? I don't know yet, but I do know that it wasn't until I started playing alluring bad girls that I began to be noticed, so I certainly wouldn't mind being typed as the 'other woman.' Look what it's done for me already."

Kathleen is an even more intriguing personality because she is a full-fledged bachelor girl. She lives in an apartment by herself except for (CONTINUED ON PAGE 67)

Now it's Elaine Stewart who's getting "the treatment" whenever she visits New York to help exploit her latest picture. If she isn't available for around-the-clock interview appointments, she's considered "difficult" by third-rate scribes. In order to cooperate to the fullest degree (and her N. Y. MGM bosses can vouch for it) the fair Elaine did more for "Take The High Ground" than she was required to do—and she did it with a temperature of 102 without complaining once. In battling a virus infection, in order not to miss appointments, she endangered her health to an alarming degree and was finally forced to cancel a heavy schedule of press commitments when she collapsed and had to be bedded for a week . . .

It's no secret that Marilyn Monroe's dramatic coach receives \$250 more per week than the Mmm-mm Girl gets—



Guests of honor Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac with Pen & Pencil host John Bruno and Charles Boyer at midnight fete.

Danton Walker's



HOLLYWOOD ON

but isn't it news that some very shrewd New York real estate investments made by the "River Of No Return" star, at the suggestion of Joe DiMaggio, are already paying off handsomely, and that if her property holdings continue to increase in value, she'll be clipping coupons within three years hence? This is strictly for the Marilyn-laughs-last department . . .

Credit Earl Blackwell, president of Celebrity Service, with top honors as a party host. His elegant midnight champagne supper party honoring Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Bergerac (*Ginger Rogers*) at Bruno's Pen & Pencil, was

frantic with fun, hectic with Hollywood names. A bon voyage soiree for Ginger and Jacques (*who left the next day for Paris*), it turned out to be a sparkling reunion for the "Forever Female" star and lots of her former West Coast pals now residing in the East. Charles Boyer, Mary Martin (*both starring on the New York stage in "Kind Sir"*), Gloria Swanson and Ethel Merman were among the many who met young Bergerac for the first time . . .

SILVANA MANGANO, Italy's reply to Marilyn Monroe, is slated to team up with Yul Brynner, the "King And I" star, for the first Italian CinemaScope production, "Ju-

Fellow columnist Maggi McNellis helps Danton Walker and young aides to man phones on telethon he ran for The Lighthouse.





Among celebrities on Walker's 16½ hour Lighthouse benefit on WATV-Newark were Eddie Fisher and Caesar Romero.



The fact that Van and Evie Johnson didn't argue once during their N. Y. visit was no doubt due to Roz Russell's influence.

BROADWAY

VISITING STARS SET
GOTHAM ON ITS HEELS

dith And Holophernes," Technicolor Biblical spectacle to be directed by Jean Negulesco. Shooting begins late in June, in Rome. Meanwhile, the Mangano agreement to do the film, provides her with a round trip, all-expense visit to New York prior to production with an undisclosed amount of cash to be put at her disposal for shopping in Gotham. Manhattan dressmakers are already whipping up creations for her—Hattie Carnegie, Carrie Munn and Mimi Tuthill, among them. Cocktail receptions and formal dinner parties have been scheduled in her honor with leading stage and screen stars earmarked to attend. The one American screen star Miss Mangano has requested her film producers to arrange for her to meet is John Wayne . . .

Arthur Murray dance instructors devised that vacuum cleaner dance which Debbie Reynolds features in RKO's "Susan Slept Here." The brains behind the unusual choreography, a young, newlywed couple employed by the Murray Studios, were sent out to Hollywood to coach Debbie in the dance, with all their expenses paid. A belated honeymoon, compliments of Arthur Murray. On the Hollywood end of the deal, Debbie and other RKO stars tossed an informal supper party for the two dance teachers. If readers, anxious to get to Hollywood, have any ideas for filmdom's dancing stars, get busy—this may be the opportunity . . .

Robert Taylor and Phyllis Kirk were an unexpected twosome at the Colony Restaurant, as were Eddie Fisher and Nina Foch at another nearby table. It took Keenan Wynn, however, with two very (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



The Grable-James p.a. act may reach Gotham.

HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

CONTINUED

blonde young ladies (both wearing mammoth dark glasses) to really upset onlookers. Comedian Wynn saw fit to wear an identical pair of sunglasses throughout dinner. Spectators who appreciate that sort of thing found it highly amusing, but most of the socialite customers stared and glared at Wynn & Company the entire evening . . .

Most of the laughs in "It Should Happen To You" were ad libs by Judy Holliday on the set. They were written into the script. Too bad the hilarious banter exchanged by Judy and Mary ("French Line") McCarty, during the latter's Persian Room personal appearances, couldn't have been recorded. From her ring-side table at the Plaza Hotel, Judy let loose with a steady barrage of quips that had other patrons, as well as Mary McCarty, rolling on the floor. The McCarty exit line, as she finished her act, was a direct invitation to Judy to return to the Persian Room "every night, I can use you in the act." It literally tore the house down . . .

On his last visit to town, Clark Gable gave most of the major night clubs a big play, and he was spotted in as many as five and six different cafes nightly but never with a party of friends numbering less than eight.

Toughest assignment to get, according to newsmen, was a daytime interview with the star—he was never available until after sundown and never after sunrise . . .

Betty Grable and Harry James received 70% gross in their first show-business appearances together in Chicago before returning to Hollywood. They'll repeat their "in person" engagement in the East during the Spring and early Summer if they can swing the same financial deal. To date, Gotham theatres are not accepting those terms. The lone exception is the Palace Theatre where Judy Garland, Danny Kaye and Betty Hutton played long engagements. The Grable-James act would have to guarantee to play for a minimum of sixteen weeks beginning Easter Sunday at the Palace in order to get the booking. Nothing is definite yet. Meanwhile the Harry James household denies rumors the stork is on the wing again . . .

SID CAESAR has been undergoing hospital checkups weekly in between TV shows, trying to help medicos determine the reason for his rapidly reduced weight. His Hollywood friends, greatly concerned, flooded his hospital room with gifts and flowers daily. Joan Crawford's nightly long distance telephone calls did much to cheer up Sid and his wife—that, plus her steady supply of mammoth chrysanthemums which she had dyed shocking pink by

Gotham florist Arthur S. Brooks . . .

Joan Fontaine planed into town to discuss doing a Broadway stage show but wouldn't admit it to anyone. She claimed her brief visit was to shop and see friends, including her ex-husband, Bill Dozier, the TV producer now wed to Ann Rutherford. What Miss Fontaine doesn't know (until she reads it here) is that her play conference with top executives of the Theatre Guild, at the Pavillon Restaurant, was relayed almost word-for-word by interested eavesdroppers. The Theatre Guild plans to produce a musical version of "Jane Eyre" on Broadway early in 1955 starring Miss Fontaine but only if they can come to terms regarding salary and a leading man . . .

When Jose Ferrer revived his celebrated "Cyrano de Bergerac" for two weeks at the City Center (with Arlene Dahl playing Roxanne), an unexpected "extra" appeared in the cast during a matinee performance—Ralph Meeker, star of "Picnic," the Broadway hit. Ralph once served as assistant stage manager to Ferrer's "Cyrano" back in 1946 during the original run of the play in New York. His impromptu appearance on the stage of the City Center didn't "throw" Ferrer one bit—but it did catch Arlene Dahl off-guard for a breathless moment. She almost missed a cue—an entrance line promptly supplied by Meeker saved the scene . . . (CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)



This gay gathering of famous faces at Pen & Pencil includes Charles Boyer, Gloria Swanson, Jacques Bergerac, Ginger

Rogers, Van Johnson, Ethel Merman and Earl Blackwell, prexy of Celebrity Service, who threw the party for the Bergeracs.



Maggi is joined at the ABC microphone by her husband, Clyde Newhouse, and Keefe Brasselle, of "The Eddie Cantor Story."

LUCILLE BALL and Desi Arnaz were so impressed with the trailer they lived in during the filming of their new MGM movie, "The Long, Long Trailer"—completely modern, it has living room, dining room, bed room, bath, kitchen and a tiny nursery for the two Arnaz offspring—they decided to shop around and price one. They wasted a lot of time doing so. The day they finished the film, the trailer, wrapped in yards of Cellophane and bright pink ribbons, was presented to the "I Love Lucy" stars. A bronze plaque proudly proclaims the fact "Lucy and Desi live here" and it hangs side-by-side with the long, long trailer's license plates . . .

Julius La Rosa has given up wearing his high school ring—he now sports a handsome star sapphire set in platinum and diamonds. It's a gift but he isn't telling whom it's from. As for the discarded school ring, that's at home with his mother who wears it occasionally as a keepsake. The only time Julius reverted back to wearing his old ring was the day he was scheduled for a photographic sitting. He doffed the new bauble, donned the

MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

LISTENING IN ON WHAT'S GOING ON BEHIND THE TELEVISION SCENE **By MAGGI McNELLIS**



Conrad Hilton is trying to get his ex-daughter-in-law, Liz Taylor, and Mike Wilding, to do telefilms at all his hotels.

old and was his own boyish self in cashmere sweater and sports shirt. Dorothy McGuire and Julius declined to comment on his Christmas gift to her. They wouldn't confirm nor deny the reports she found a pair of diamond and star sapphire earrings in her Xmas stocking—set in platinum, too . . .

Janette Davis continues to be one of TV's best dressed young talents despite the fact she spends most of her earnings helping to send her brothers and sisters through school. She has a natural knack for selecting practical clothes and she's able to work magic with accessories . . .

LES PAUL and Mary Ford's home in Oakland, New Jersey, is completely equipped with a special studio for filming a TV series. They make all their popular recordings there and also tape their radio programs with all the comforts of home. Prospective TV sponsors have given them the go-ahead sign to pilot any TV show ideas they may have, but to date the Paul-Ford act hasn't gotten around to it. If they're stuck for ideas, I wonder how many Les Paul-Mary Ford fans would like to see a telefilm series of the celebrated entertainers just being themselves at home by the fireside? Fans who would, should write their favorites and let them know . . .

The on-again, off-again Ann Sothern-Richard Egan romance may have culminated (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE CONT'D

in marriage by the time you read this. If it hasn't, intimates feel the popular star of "Private Secretary" will never again waltz down the aisle because actor Egan was the closest Ann has ever come to finding her "ideal mate." If she doesn't marry, she'll devote all of her time to raising her young daughter and concentrating on TV with occasional movie appearances...

Comedian Joel Grey's favorite singer is Patti Page and he doesn't seem to care who knows it—he's really smitten with the "singing rage"...

CONRAD HILTON, the multi-millionaire hotelman, and ex-father-in-law of Elizabeth Taylor, is leaving no stone unturned in an endeavor to get the lovely Liz and her second spouse, Mike Wilding, paired off for a telefilm series in which the glamorous Hollywood married couple would visit all of the Hilton hotels throughout the world giving wardrobe, travel and educational tips on what to do away from home. MGM studio bosses say the idea is not for Liz, but the determined Hilton is not to be put off so easily. This project bears watching...

The "Godfrey Clause" which Robert Q. Lewis has in his TV contract (it allows him to leave his own show in order to pinch-hit for Arthur if and whenever he's needed) may be expanded to include personal appearances by Robert Q. heading a Godfrey Gang unit in vaudeville houses throughout the country beginning early in May. The touring unit would triple Robert Q.'s already high TV salary. It isn't the matter of money, however, that makes the pending project so attractive to Godfrey's personal stand-by—he just likes the idea of getting to meet his public in the flesh. Another hoped-for assignment for Robert Q., along about February 1955, is the secondary male role in the forthcoming musical comedy version of "Gone With The Wind," which is earmarked for the New York stage—the part of Ashley Wilkes (played by the late Leslie Howard in the screen



Big social event in TV circles was the wedding of Uncle Miltie Berle and Ruth Cosgrove. Miltie's daughter Vicki shared the spotlight with the bride and groom.

version). If Robert Q. can have that and TV, too, he'll be in seventh heaven...

TV will be the answer to Gene Nelson's career problems—still on the downgrade ever since the Jane Powell "incident." Interest will be revived in his talents when he's offered his own video variety show during the coming Summer months (after he returns from the London Palladium in June). Sally Forrest, screen star, is being mentioned as Gene's possible TV dancing partner...

ANN RUTHERFORD, happy as Mrs. Bill Dozier, gave her complete approval to the suggestion that Diana

Lynn might be ideal for the leading feminine role in a telefilm series which Dozier's Cornwall Productions telefilm company may produce. This is news inasmuch as Diana Lynn was once linked romantically with producer Dozier before he wed the Ruth-erford lass...

Mr. and Mrs. Brooks West (Eve Arden) will adopt their fourth and last child sometime late in September. It will be a boy about eighteen months old. An additional wing is being built onto their Beverly Hills home and it will comprise four separate bedrooms (each with private bath) plus a mammoth playroom, for use by the children as they grow and grow...



Arlene Francis is gifted with pate at Frank Di Lello's Baccara Restaurant.



Edith Adams, of "Wonderful Town" and TV, with stage co-star George Gaines.



"Happy Anniversary" says the cake about to be cut by Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, who've been married ten years.



Jack Webb, Mary Martin and Donald O'Connor are awarded the '53 Sylvania TV Awards for outstanding performances.

A specialty shop featuring custom-made jewelry and sports clothes for men and women is in the works—one branch in Beverly Hills, the other in New York. The creations will be the personalized designs of Jerome Thor (with an assist from his wife, Sydna Scott)—Jerry will work out his ideas, Sydna will approve them and leading manufacturers will execute same. Mrs. Thor hasn't a piece of jewelry in her fabulous collection that *wasn't* designed for her by her husband. As for her clothes, most of her coats and dresses, made in Europe, were first whipped up on paper by Jerry . . .

THE Jackie Cooper-Peggy Ann Garner romance is on ice—he's re-

sumed again with Janis Paige now that the Paige lass has terminated her dating with Hollywood producer Bert Friedlob, formerly wed to Eleanor Parker, once reported romancing with Jackie Cooper. Had enough? . . .

Art Carney fractures his "Jackie Gleason Show" pals in-between rehearsals of the telecast by giving out his take-off of Wally Cox as Mr. Peepers. Those who've seen it—including Wally Cox—say it's a brilliant satire and Mr. Peepers himself keeps asking Art to do it at private parties around town. To date Wally Cox hasn't come up with an impression of Art, but friends say he's working on it . . .

Perry Como has decided he won't tint his locks back to their natural dark shade—he'll soon vie with Jeff Chandler in the pepper 'n salt tresses department—looks real dreamy, of course. Loyal Como fans apparently wouldn't care if the talented Perry were as bald as a billiard ball—he'd still be their singing favorite. Ray Milland, on the other hand, dipped his hair in dark brown dye for his "Meet Mr. McNutley" telefilm series and the results are in from his fans. 4-to-1, they'd prefer to see their sigh guy with his natural silver locks—the touched-up hair looks it, they aver. Other males who take care of their hair include Milton Berle, Ralph Bellamy and Adolphe Menjou. For various reasons, it's best for them professionally to ward off grey hair. Red Buttons, one-time carrot-topped star claims it's been so long since he's had naturally red hair, he's forgotten what shade it actually was. He'll stick to the closely-cropped greying crew-cut despite the nearness of color TV . . .



Jim Jordan, Jr., son of Fibber McGee and Molly, and a TV name in his own right, at the Bon Soir with two dancers of the Donald O'Connor show, which he directs.

HOLLYWOOD's Tab Hunter and Van Johnson are up for a series of telefilms (*but not together, of course*), as are June Allyson and Jeanne Crain. Sheldon Reynolds, the "Foreign Intrigue" and "Sherlock Holmes" producer will supervise the programs for the quartet. Pilot films of each will be made during the next six months in New York at (CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)

ONE TOUCH OF SPRING



CHEERLAND VARIETY VALUES

BY MARCIA MOORE

...ne touch of color to brighten up your home! We
 now you gay and useful selections offered
 by the Variety Stores. At left, Nina
 Loch, who appears in MGM's "Execu-
 tive Suite," relaxes comfortably in a
 charming corner. Printed Crash "Short-
 es," pinch-pleated tops, \$2.98. In sol-
 id colors, \$1.98. Brass lamp, \$7.98. For-
 mica top end table, \$9.98. Throw pillows
 in green, red, grey or copper, \$1.98. All
 from W. T. GRANT. New household
 items dress up a familiar room!

1. A bright floral picture in a solid
 oak 13" x 16" frame, \$1.89. At KRESS.

2. O-CEL-O sponges—many colors . . .
 many sizes. From 19¢ to 63¢. The dish
 mop, 39¢. At most Variety Stores.

3. Ready-mix paint, varnish stain
 and quick dry enamel at bargain
 prices. Brushes from 15¢. At BEN
 FRANKLIN and SCOTT Stores.

4. Paint roller and paint pan tray,
 \$1.49. S. S. KRESGE CO.

5. The Skotch Kooler to keep food
 hot or cold. \$7.98 at GRANT'S.

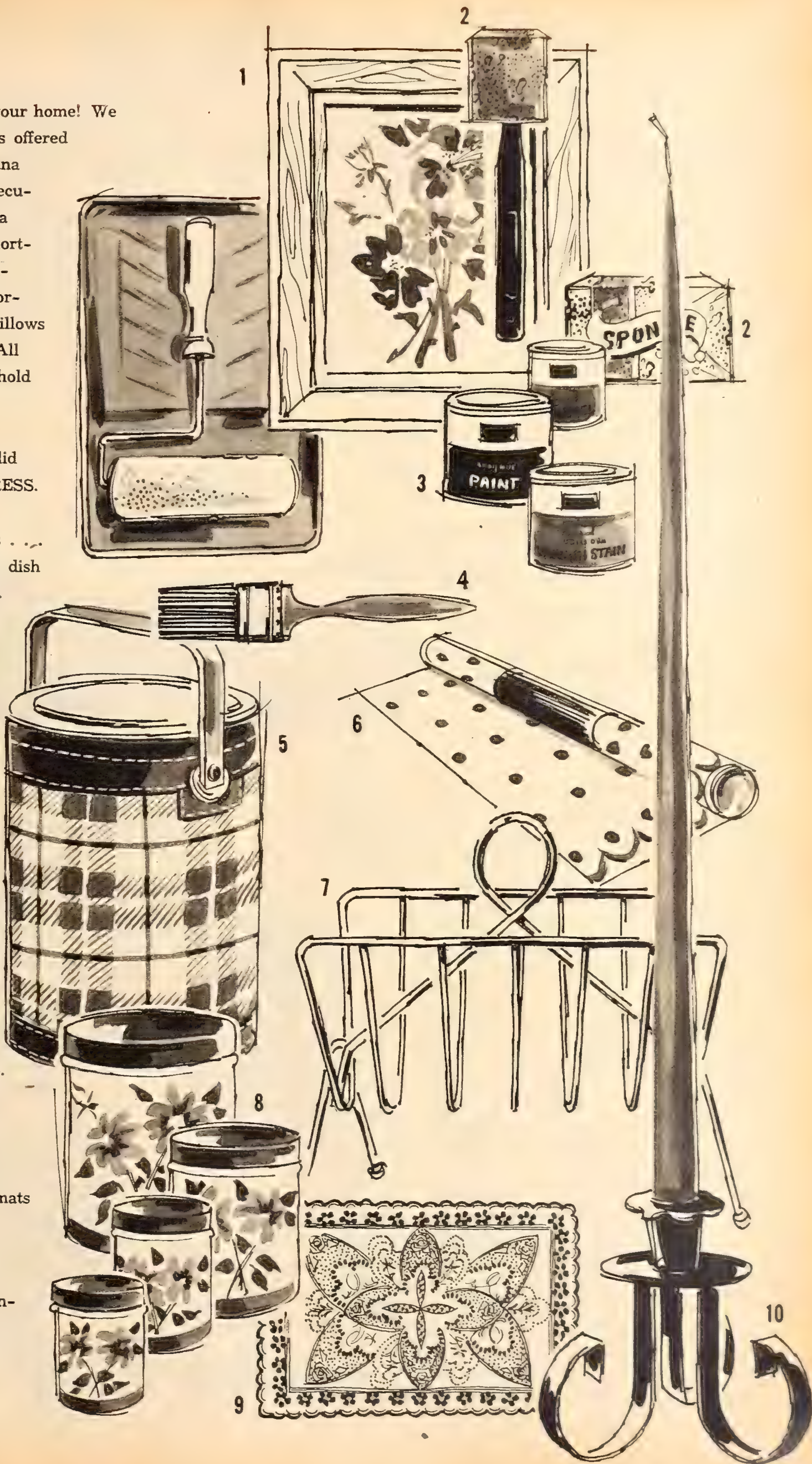
6. Plastic shelving and edging
 combined. 98¢ a roll. Sold
 at most McCrory Stores.

7. Wrought iron—brass finish
 magazine rack, \$2.98. At GRANT'S.

8. 4-piece canister set 79¢. Cos-
 mos design. S. H. KRESS.

9. Lace paper doilies and place mats
 by MILAPACO. 100 in a box.
 Sold at most of the Variety Stores.

10. From S. H. KRESS Co., 15" can-
 dles in many lovely colors—2 for
 25¢. Wrought iron candlestick
 holder. A buy for just 69¢.



SCREENLAND VARIETY VALUES (CONTINUED)

1. Venetian blinds in white or eggshell from S. H. KRESS. Blinds are six feet long. For 18" to 36" widths—\$2.98; 37" to 39"—\$3.98; and 40" to 43" widths—\$4.98.

2. Wrought iron cylinder, finished in black with a contrasting brass base—a white parchment shade! The lamp for only \$3.98 at McCrory's.

3. If you prefer the old-fashioned tone! This milk glass boudoir lamp for \$2.19 at the BEN FRANKLIN and SCOTT Stores. Shades in assorted colors.

4. A chenille bath mat and seat cover. S. H. KRESS has this set for 98¢. It comes in various colors to match bathroom accessories. Requires no ironing!

5. Satin tufted design wastebasket from McLELLAN Stores. In decorative pink and blue. Priced at 79¢.

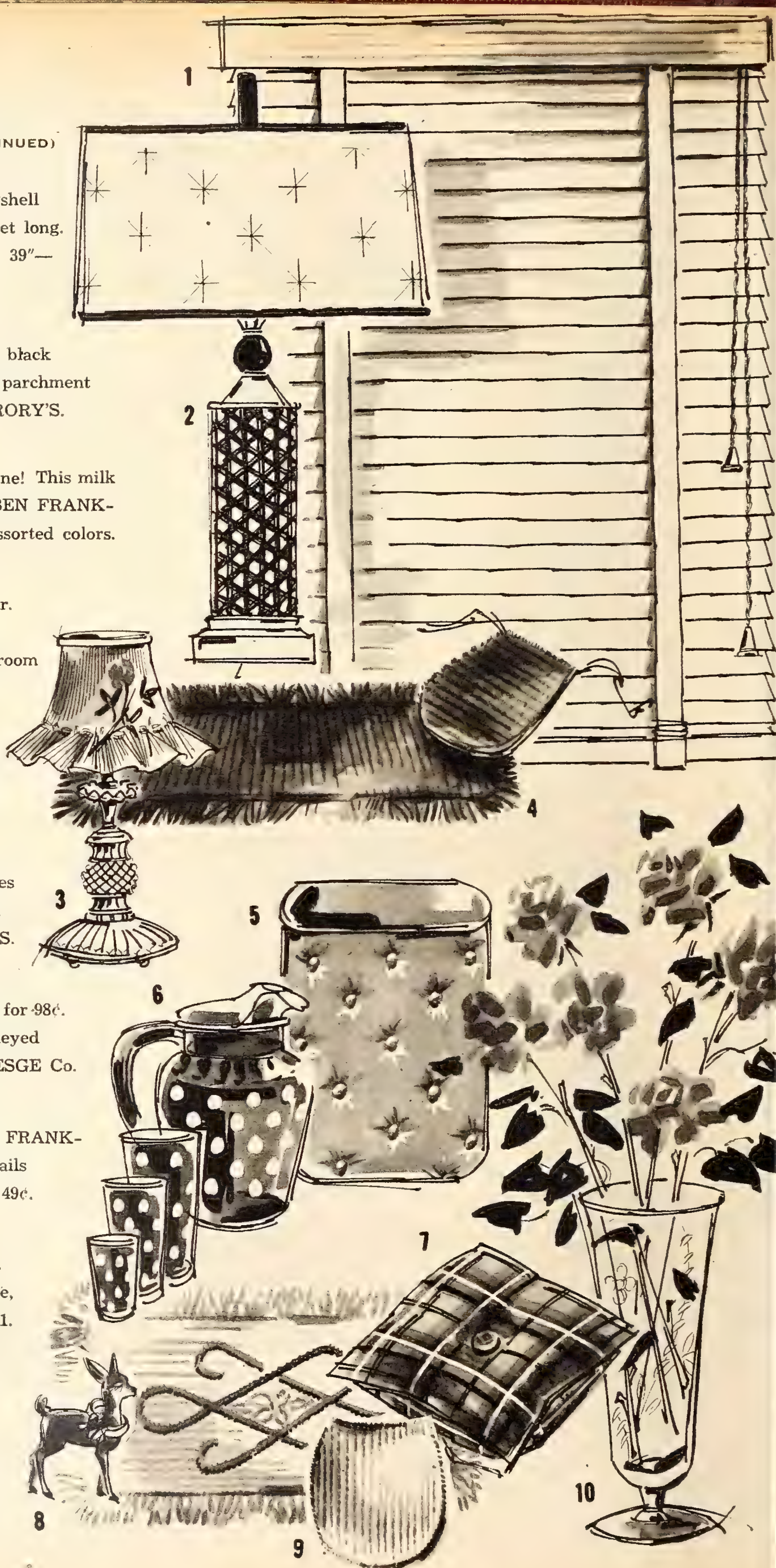
6. Attractive pitcher, 59¢, with glasses to meet all needs. Glasses range from 10¢ to 19¢. Green only. McLELLAN'S.

7. A plaid pillow made of Chromspun for 98¢. For your bedroom or living room. Keyed to all decorating plans. At S. S. KRESGE Co.

8. Decorative ceramic doe from BEN FRANKLIN and SCOTT Stores. Colorful details are hand-painted. The price is just 49¢.

9. Available at McLELLAN Stores. The bath mat and seat cover in blue, green, rose, wine or gold. This set \$1.

10. Elegant glass vase, \$1.19. S. H. KRESS. Artificial long stem roses, 15¢. In red, pink or yellow. McCrory Stores carry these.



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The "Jane Pickens Show"
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by **JANE PICKENS**

Tops In Movie Music

GORDON MACRAE'S "Soothe My Lonely Heart," from "Escape From Fort Bravo," and "High On A Windy Hill" for Capitol . . . "Face To Face," from "Three Sailors And A Girl," and "Poppa Piccolino" by Dolores Gray for Decca . . . Damita Jo's "Sadie Thompson's Song," from "Sadie Thompson," and "Face To Face," from "Three Sailors And A Girl" for Victor . . . Les Paul and Mary Ford's "White Christmas," from film of same name, and "Jingle Bells" for Capitol . . . Les Baxter's "Love Theme From The Robe" and "Manhattan" for Capitol . . . "Little Fugitive," two sides from film of

same name, by Richie Andrusco-Ricky Brewer-Eddy Manson for Columbia . . . "From Here To Eternity," from film of same name, and "Starlight Serenade" by Stanley Black for London . . . "Salute To Glenn Miller," two sides from "The Glenn Miller Story," by the Modernaires for Coral . . . "That's What A Rainy Day Is For," from "Easy To Love," and "Tick Tock Boogie" by Barbara Ruick for MGM . . . Stan Kenton's "Tenderly," from "The Torch Song," and "The Creep" for Capitol . . . "Man" and "Woman" by Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer for Columbia . . . Jerry Gray's "Salute To Glenn Miller" album for Decca . . . "A Little

More Of Your Amor" and "I Had To Kiss You," both from "Latin Lovers," by Carlos Ramires for MGM . . .

Other Toppers

FRANKIE LAINE'S "I'd Give My Life" and "Granada" for Columbia . . . "The Game Of Love" and "Let Me Love You" by Bill Darnell for Decca . . . "Mystery Street" and "Theme From Eight O'Clock Walk" by Melachrino Strings for Victor . . . Teresa Brewer's "Our Heart Breaking Waltz" and "Bell Bottom Blues" for Coral . . . "Martin Kane Theme" and "Love" by Charles Paul for MGM . . . Ted Straeter's "Most Beautiful Girl In The World" album for MGM . . . "Ask Me No Questions" and "If I Never Get To Heaven" by Billy Williams' Quartet for Mercury . . . George Shearing's "Tiempo De Cencerro," two sides, for MGM . . . "The Creep" and "Just One More Chance" by the Three Suns for Victor . . . "I Get So Lonely" and "I Couldn't Stay Away From You" by the Four Knights for Capitol . . . Jerry Vale's "And This Is My Beloved" and "Two Purple Shadows" for Columbia . . . "Dragnet Polka" and "My Song For You" by the Tune Toppers for MGM . . .

Grab Bag

DEACON ANDY GRIFFITH'S "What It Was, Was Football," two sides, for Capitol . . . Buddy Morrow's "Diggin'" and "Denisse" for Victor . . . Stan Freberg's "C'est Si Bon" and his "Dear John And Marsha Letter" for Capitol . . . Brucie Weil's "Poppa Piccolino" and "Bimbo" for Victor . . . Eileen Barton's "Away Up There" and "Don't Ask Me Why" for Coral . . . "The Wonder Of Wonderful You" and "You Made Me Love You" by Broc Peters for Columbia . . . "Tell Me What Happened" and "Just A-Wearying For You" by Danny Davis for MGM . . . Columbia's "Kismet" album with original Broadway cast, starring Alfred Drake . . . Perry Como's "I Believe" album for Victor . . . Joni James' "You're My Everything" and "You're Nearer" for MGM . . .



Columbia's Doris Day at swank Hollywood party chatting with Marie Wilson. Doris has hit in "Secret Love" and "Deadwood Stage," from "Calamity Jane."



Bing Crosby and Barbara Logan in his first TV film. He finally succumbed.



Designed to Delight

ASK A MAN—any man—how he likes a woman to wear her hair and he'll tell you "long." What he actually means is that he admires that soft, natural, utterly feminine look that is the special prerogative of un-cropped hair. It's undoubtedly this very pronounced masculine preference that's behind our national favorite—the shoulder-length bob. Because the style prevails year in and year out with such unfaltering success we asked one of its most enchanting devotees, Sally Forrest, to come help us show you some lovely new adaptations for Spring 1954. For a real beauty like Sally, we naturally wanted a top hair-stylist and that's just what we got in Maurice Grey, a master of his profession if there ever were (*he'd just won an award the very week before he did Sally's hair for us*). Maurice, being a superb craftsman, would have loved to give Sally a new version of an Italian hair-cut, as a complete and refreshing change from the long hair she's worn so consistently. For this style, he would have cut and shaped her hair to a 3-inch length and then arranged it with a center part and soft curls to frame her pretty face and forehead. Of course, this was not to be, but Maurice had his little flight of fancy anyway. The lovely styles he *did* evolve for Sally are the very ones you see in our photographs. There you can see how he fixed her hair in a casual arrangement first. The second hair-do is a ro-

mance-inspiring style in which the hair is waved away from the face, with an interesting formation of curls at the back and a soft bang framing her forehead. (*Another version that Maurice suggested would have the hair combed softly to the face, with a wide wave on top.*) For evening, Maurice evolved the asymmetric line that is so remarkably becoming to Sally and such a dependable device for achieving a feeling of formality.

Whichever arrangement you favor, remember that it can only be effective if the hair is shining clean and properly groomed. To be sure, Sally's very beautiful blonde hair had the benefit of Maurice's personal ministrations at his Madison Avenue Salon, but all is not lost simply because you don't live within commuting distance of that New York address. Make like a hairdresser yourself, if need be, and see if a carefully thought-out hair beauty program doesn't produce some dramatically pleasing results.

Start, as a professional does, with a shampoo preceded by a really thorough hair-brushing. Chances are, you've skimped on that preliminary brushing. Don't, because it's an important help in ridding your scalp and hair of dandruff, dust, and the like—it also gives an assist to your circulation. The next step is to give your hair a rinse (*with a spray, if possible*). Then (CONTINUED ON PAGE 73)



For formal occasions Sally's hair is brushed in an asymmetric style with fullness on one side.



In a romantic arrangement Sally wears her hair with casual bangs and a formation of back curls.

**A LOVELY STAR
AND A TALENTED
HAIR-STYLIST
PLOT NEW
BEAUTY
FOR YOUR
SPRINGTIME
HAIRDO**

**By
Elizabeth Lapham**



Lovely Sally Forrest, currently in RKO's "Son Of Sinbad," has her blonde shoulder-length hair styled softly for every day.



June Allyson with her two children, Richard, three, and Pamela, five. June has recovered nicely from recent appendectomy and will return to work soon.

VALENTINE STORY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19]

For ostensibly, neither one of them has stopped being the other's complete opposite just as they were when they first fell in love. June is still the wide-eyed impressionable girl she was when she came to Hollywood. Dick is the same courtly, sophisticated guy who was the suave singing idol of the thirties, and as ready now as he was then with the inevitable wisecrack that is his way of covering up his emotions.

They haven't changed a bit, outwardly anyway. Dick masking his love for her with the kidding nicknames that would send any girl but the one he married to packing her bags and looking up lawyers' telephone numbers. June wearing that vulnerable heart of hers on her sleeve and not even trying to disguise the fact that Dick's is the name engraved on it. No wonder Hollywood said a couple like that could never make a go of marriage. No wonder people still can't figure it out, long after they had to swallow all their dire predictions of calamity. And come right down to it, maybe no one is more surprised than June and Dick themselves. For nothing that had happened to them before could have left either one of them with any tendency to take anything, especially happiness for granted.

Of course, looking in from the outside Dick Powell's life seemed pretty marvelous. He had all the things that most people want—money, good looks, a personality that charmed everyone, and above all success. But Dick knew the biggest thing of all was lacking and that was the love he thought he had found so many times, only to discover a wife and a home and children weren't meant for him after all. No one knew how deeply that disappointment had cut into his heart, for Dick isn't one to talk about the things that are really important to him.

June doesn't talk much about the time before Dick came into her life either.

But when she does you realize how shallowly the ghosts of her past are buried. She isn't Mrs. Richard Powell then, mistress of one of Hollywood's loveliest homes. She isn't June Allyson, the fabulous movie star who still somehow manages to look like a kid who has just parked her roller skates outside. She isn't even Pamela's and Ricky's proud and adoring mother. All the success that has come to her, all the love, are momentarily crowded out by the stark realism that for her took the place of childhood. Again she is the six-months-old baby whose father deserted her mother; the child who never knew the security of a lasting home; the little girl barely entering her teens whose back was broken in the same accident that killed the stray puppy, which by some miracle, she had been allowed to keep.

It wasn't a life to put dreams in any girl's heart or stars in her eyes. But it was sometime during those months, when no one but herself thought she would ever walk again, that June found the determination that was to build a new life for herself, and the courage to make it possible.

Her childhood set the keynote for her success. Being June with all her talent and good looks and drive, it was inevitable that she would find a compensation for the drabness of her growing years. But until she met Dick love was something she read about in novels and saw in the movies. Now suddenly it became real, but the reality only made it the more fantastic. For enduring love and happiness were just words to June then. Neither of them had proved lasting either to her or to those around her. If ever there were a girl without security, either emotional or financial, June was that girl.

Since this is a love story, we won't go into the events that brought June to Hol-

lywood, a fledgling starlet who still couldn't quite believe that the success she had dreamed of was hers at last. All her inner gayety came out of its cocoon then, in spite of her inherent shyness. But now that success was really in her grasp it frightened her as much as it thrilled her. For in June's world the wonderful things had never lasted.

Then she met Dick. Just meeting him hit her hard—Dick Powell, the star she had been so crazy about when she was a kid. She had seen every picture he'd been in. She was so excited she couldn't breathe, as if she were still one of his fans instead of being a part of the Hollywood picture herself. Then almost immediately she realized this was more than just a girl idolizing a movie idol. A girl needn't have known love before to recognize it when it comes.

That was when the fears really came back, not only to her but to Dick too, knowing how emotionally involved he had become with this wide-eyed kid who was so completely different from any woman who had been important to him before. It was a situation any scenario writer could have gone to town on—a girl falling in love for the first time, and reaching for the stars she had been afraid to believe in before; and a man who thought he had found love more times than he wanted to remember, only to lose it with an inevitability which left him disillusioned and cynical. Only it happened that June and Dick were writing this story themselves and not quite daring to believe they were writing it for keeps. They wrote it straight, and with their hearts, and there weren't any romantic furbelows.

Even that day they became engaged there wasn't any of that honeysuckle-in-June aura about them. June had just been to the dentist and Dick was driving her home when suddenly as they stopped for a red light Dick slipped the ring on her finger. Her mouth was so numbed with novocaine she didn't even feel it when Dick kissed her. And to this day June is still a little nettled about that.

But their marriage more than made up for all that. They're not romantic as romance is generally thought of by the very young. They don't go jaunting off to Sun Valley in the season or to Paris or Rome or the Riviera or even to New York. The one time Dick felt June needed a rest and persuaded her to go to Hawaii for a few weeks, they were both miserable until they were home under their own roof top again. Just homebodies to the core . . . that's the Powells, who still would rather be with each other than anyone else in the world. Their secret, if there is one, is probably just as simple as that.

Both June and Dick were brought up in a school that made them recognize the true values in life and hold on to them. They know that love and happiness aren't just miracles that happen to the favored few, but have to be earned like any other success.

Their personalities are still as apart as the poles. But that's unimportant when a man's and a girl's hearts are set on the

same course, and if that course has ever wavered no one but the two of them know about it. Still, it's obvious their marriage hasn't always been clear sailing. There was the time, in the very beginning of their marriage when June's career suddenly began zooming, just at the time when Dick's seemed suddenly at an end. It took doing for both of them to overcome a matrimonial hazard like that, especially in Hollywood. There were other bad times too, just as there are in any marriage. But it is indicative of the Powells that they always showed their devotion to each other most at the point

where so many other marriages fail.

Maybe that's what Hollywood has come to know about them. Maybe that is why they are the most envied young married couple in Hollywood today. Maybe that's why Saint Valentine's Day, for all the fun and the gags and the presents they give each other, isn't really different from any other day in June's and Dick's scheme of things. For feeling as they do about each other, how could they possibly cram more love into any one day, no matter how special, than they do into all the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year.

END

JANE HAS THREE HEADS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

the niceties. What I mean is so plain to me, I get impatient with all the palaver."

Here's a typical story of Jane. You can draw your own conclusions about her predictability.

One of the passionate dislikes of her studio life is the gallery sittings. No star really enjoys them, but to get the impatient Jane to sit still for two days in a row takes a lot of maneuvering. The usual studio schedule for these sessions goes something like this: 10:30—make-up and hair-styling; 12:30—lunch; 1:30—portrait gallery. La Russell is invariably late, so everyone more or less expects her to arrive about eleven. Consequently the whole day's schedule is shifted for her, and all appointments are carefully arranged at later hours. At this rate, she is seated in the gallery about 2:45, which leaves only two hours for some thirty-six pictures.

Well, lo and behold, the first day of the sittings Jane showed up at 10:10 for hair and make-up. At eleven the studio publicity girl got a roaring call from Jane. "So I'm ready—where is everybody? Drag me in this early and nobody's ready!" Whereupon the publicity gal madly rounded up cameraman, electrician, wardrobe woman, etc., getting all to the gallery ahead of Jane, who swept in like a tornado. By lunch time they had finished twelve pictures, a Russell record. Promptly after lunch, Jane returned to the gallery.

The publicity girl was watching the well-behaved and prompt Miss Russell with suspicion, especially when it was discovered that Jane had forgotten to bring one wardrobe change from home. The publicist said casually, "Oh, well, we can take it on tomorrow's sittings." Whereupon the new Jane remarked, "I don't want to work tomorrow. I've made other plans. I thought we might get it all done today!" This was what Jane had planned at 10:10 in the a.m., but she didn't let the others know until she'd decided the timing was right. Well, they finished all photos that day—mainly because they love this very "predictable" dame. But they weren't the same for days.

Even her attitude about sexy pictures for publicity purposes has its unpredictable side. Jane has a few cryptic remarks

on the subject of sexy shots: "The sexy stuff is a necessary evil in this business. Except for the first pictures taken of me when I was a nineteen-year-old greenhorn, I think they have all conformed more or less to good taste."

But by the way in which she lowers her head when she says that, you know she has memories of the times she refused to wear costumes that left little to the imagination, and then finally, under pressure, gave in and wore them.

Jane has all the tactics of a field marshal. She can sneak up on her objective, she can scare it to death with a burst of cannon fodder, she can woo the enemy with logical and loving phrases, or she can barter like a central market green grocer. If Jane were put in the United Nations she would at least confuse her opponents, and there is a sneaking suspicion that she might bowl them over sufficiently to get some sorely needed concessions—especially those regarding families, children, and people in need.

Which brings us to another Head. Jane's Home Head is a complete switch from the Studio Head. When she steers her con-

vertible into the Hollywood Hills after a hard day of working and screaming, she melts at the sight of the soft light in the window. By the time she hits the door, the Studio Head has disappeared and she walks in as Mrs. Robert Waterfield, wife and mother.

"All day long people come to me for decisions," Jane explains, "so when I get home I want to be told what's going to happen. I never make a dinner date or plan a party. Robert decides what we'll do and how we'll do it. Then he tells me. It's a relief to go home and just be taken care of.

"I was a square at math, so he handles all the business and money mess. When I want something I ask if I can have it. If Robert says, 'Yes,'—fine. If not, I know we can't afford it. I don't have to worry about anything but keeping the kind of home going that we both want.

"I feel very deeply about the home," Jane said firmly. "I've been called old-fashioned, but to me the home is the very basis of security and life. Maybe I can explain it this way. Let's say we have two circles—one big (*that's the world*) and one little (*that's the home*). Now, a man is trained throughout his whole lifetime to turn outward towards the world. It is his responsibility to the world to prove how happy and well-off his family is.

"Now, a woman, on the other hand, is turned inward to her own little circle—the home. She has been reared to think first of her responsibility to the home. So even though she works too, a woman is instinctively more interested in her home and in her normal position in it. She expects her man to be disinterested in the little details of keeping that home the way they both want it—because he has the outward responsibility to the world. But as he is her security, she, in her instinctive inward-looking, will give him the things any man needs most. And any man needs the inner security of knowing he is needed, depended upon, and



Jane Russell does a sensational bubble bath sequence in "The French Line," her Technicolor musical for RKO. She doesn't care whether people like her or not.

looked up to. If that's old-fashioned, I think we'd all better start getting back to the eighteen-hundreds."

Jane is not particularly domestic in terms of mopping the floor or whipping up a batch of cookies, but she'll always make a good home wherever she is because of her beliefs. Jane's Home Head needs to be taken care of, babied a bit, and allowed to mother. It also needs the feeling of appreciation for her qualities as a woman—and Robert obviously fills that need.

Jane's other Head—which has had so much written about it—is her great and sincere faith in God. Being a forthright woman she has felt no hesitancy in discussing this very root of her life. Jane's entire religious background and belief can be summed up in, "Whosoever believing." For where she may not be strong in some phases of Christianity, she has a faith that would lead prominent ministers to sigh in longing. It is a blind, childlike faith that "All things do work together for good to them that love God." And

nothing will ever shake Jane's belief. "My religion," Jane explains quietly, "gives me the perspective and balance for all phases of my life. When I'm in a mood it will get me out of it. When I lose my temper it will whip me into shape in a hurry. And when I'm forced to make a difficult decision, prayer is my simple answer. God is the pattern, the warmth, and the light. He is the reason for my being alive and for living the way I do—or should. My religion is the Hope in the world. Without it we'd be in the Dark Ages. And my kind of hope would make an optimist out of a Dorothy Parker character."

Well, there she is. Take your pick of one or all. The Studio Head that says, "Aw, everybody knows I yell and scream because I have to—they know it's just wind." Or the Home Head that says, "I'm a 'bring him his pipe and slippers and keep the kids quiet' kind of woman." Or the Religious Head that, like all of us, must surely feel, "There is no good thing in me lest He makes it." **END**

JUDY'S DIFFICULT COMEBACK

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

weight. To see for myself I went out to the studio to watch her do a scene. And what a scene! She was getting out of bed and was wearing very, very short pajama tops. There was ample view of her legs—and this scene alone should settle any talk about Garland's excess pulchritude. This gal has a figure!

Judy has about thirty-two changes in the picture, including some leggy outfits, so this should make it obvious that she has to be cutting a trim outline in this production.

Judy has thinned down to a neat package. She has been watching her diet very intently and she has seldom looked as well as she does now.

There were many problems connected

with the picture that caused talk. The film, for one thing, went into production and then was halted after two weeks shooting. This started the rumors going.

The shooting was stopped because it was suddenly decided to make it in CinemaScope. This meant a complete change-over in almost all departments. And so when everything was once again in shape, the cameras rolled again.

Before production began, Judy, Sid, and director George Cukor spent weeks making countless tests to be sure that no detail was left unsettled. There was, too, the much-publicized story of Hugh Martin, who had been signed to do the arranging for Judy's songs and who was reported to have quit the deal in a con-

siderable huff. This is the real story of that episode.

Hugh had one idea for the songs and Judy had another. They compromised and recorded some numbers both his way and hers. Ray Heindorf, the musical director, was then called in and he sided with Judy. Hugh thereupon left the picture. He did not, however, as reported, walk off the set dramatically.

On the set Judy has been anything but temperamental. She has been in a gay mood, often kidding with members of the crew. It's true she had a case of nerves the first day she came in to record a song, but after she had done the number the musicians applauded her. She was okay from then on in. Her voice, by the way, has never been better. She'll rip your heart out when she sings. And wait until you hear her give out with "The Man That Got Away!"

Judy wouldn't indulge in temperament now because, after all, with Sid as producer she wants to do all she can to help him. Then, too, she loves working with George Cukor. Cukor directed most of MGM's top stars but somehow had never worked with Judy, so this is quite an occasion. He's not a director either to take any fancy carryings-on. He's painstaking in detail, demands hard work, and is not given to playing second fiddle to any star. This Judy has recognized and has respected him for his attitude.

Then there's the matter of Judy's reaction to her co-star, James Mason. She seems to enjoy him thoroughly. She really raised eyebrows when she began calling the austere star, "Jimmy." As far as anyone can tell, no other star who has worked with him has ever managed to get that informal with him.

There's no truth to the many rumors that Mason's part has been cut down to almost nothing in favor of building up Judy's role. She insisted that his part be given its real importance. In fact, he has a little more footage than she has. A lot was also made of various stars' turning down the role opposite Judy. The facts are that it was offered to only one actor—Cary Grant—who didn't feel he was right for the part.

Another member of the cast is Jack Carson. The first day he came on the set he and Judy threw their arms around each other in a happy embrace. She and Jack had worked together some years ago in vaudeville. She was eleven at the time. And this was the first time they had been together since.

Judy is more interested in her career now than she ever has been—but that doesn't necessarily mean she's all picture-minded. She intends to go out on another personal appearance tour after the picture is completed. She likes playing to an audience. She will never forget the closing night, for instance, at the Palace Theatre in New York. She had been there for nineteen weeks and that last night she came on the stage at ten and didn't leave until twelve-fifteen. She had half the audience crying. You don't get such thrills standing behind a camera.

As for Judy's personal life, from all indications everything seems to be in shape.

Judy's past marital experiences have



Judy Garland and Mike Romanoff listen attentively as her husband, Sid Luft, discusses "A Star Is Born." He's the producer of Judy's comeback picture.

been anything but happy. Both David Rose and Vincente Minnelli were brilliant men but they were more interested in their own art rather than in Judy's. Sid is not only concerned with her career but he's actively engaged in all she does. They have many interests in common too. In addition, he's a strong man on whom Judy knows she can depend. In the past, Judy often felt left out of things and she had no one to whom she could turn.

She and Sid recently bought a new home in Holmby Hills. While it was being redecorated they lived at the Bel-Air Hotel, although Judy's children stayed at the new house since their wing didn't have to be redone. Every evening after work Sid and Judy went to the house to see the children, spent most of the evening with them, and then returned to their hotel.

When Judy had any time off she was helping build the patio at her new home. Her feelings about the house reflect themselves in her new calm and relaxed attitude towards life. She is not trying to escape reality. She wants to live a full life. The way she spends her time on the set between shots kidding with the crew or with fellow actors is further indication that tension-ridden Judy has begun to take, at long last, a good, earnest look at life and find it needn't be always an emotional crisis.

You can almost place bets now that "A Star Is Born" will be finished, that Judy will do an unforgettable job, and that the picture will be a resounding hit. In the same way, you can get the feeling that Judy may not make many more pictures. In fact, some think that "A Star Is Born" may be her last one. There's too strong



Designer Billy Tredille goes over his costumes with Betty Grable for her personal appearances. "They want to see my legs. I won't disappoint them," she says.

a feeling in Judy about returning to direct contact with the people, to go back to the kind of business which gave her her start. It's to be hoped that she will not completely turn her back on movies because the industry can use her great talent.

Judy, from all indications and from all available facts, has a new lease on life. It is also to be hoped that she has her heart settled in a firm kind of happiness. That has been long overdue in this great but confused star's days.

END

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO BETTY GRABLE?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

time now, Betty has been barnstorming around the country with Harry James. It's no secret that when she married the "Young Man With A Horn" Betty felt that one day the tables might be turned—that Harry would be the star, and Betty merely the loving wife and devoted mother.

But the bottom fell out of the band business, and it's hardly to be disguised that a nation-wide public who was ready, able and willing to be entertained and amused and thrilled, suddenly found that it could take a band or leave it well alone.

What happened is old news. The public who once cried and laughed and became limp with the musical antics of the biggest band names in the country turned apathetic. They'd rather dance to the radio, to the small town, local and permanent orchestra—and that new thing television.

About everyone from Harry "Young Man With A Horn" James to Guy "Sweetest Music This Side Of Heaven" Lombardo died a miserable death. And Betty Grable shot up to new heights in the movie business, and Harry James did all right on his own—but not as well as

either of them had hoped he would do.

Could all this past history have inspired what is happening today between Betty Grable and Harry James? It's possible. Both are fantastically rich. Both have made a signal success of their individual careers. And, wonder of wonders, there never has been any clash of temperaments, through one achieving one thing and the other failing at another.

This girl, this Betty Grable has been in Harry James' life more than a star, a successful wife, a mate to turn to in dark, dismal moments. All her friends will tell you that in need, Betty's the most wonderful friend in the world. And that's exactly what she has been to husband, Mr. James.

One night, Harry said: "Well, it's happened again. They cancelled out in New Jersey. Things are getting tough for bands, I guess."

Up to her ears in movie commitments, Betty said, "I know I'm an attraction. Will it help if I give up the new movie, and come along. I'll just sit around."

Harry grinned, patted her on the shoulder. "The music's the same," he said. "Let's not change the tune."

Betty got it straight. If Harry James

couldn't go along on his own, backed up by a long and fruitful career in the band business, he was not going to rely on gimmicks. He'd rather quit. And between the two of them it has always been that way—live and let live. Neither has ever intruded on the other when it has come to building up separate careers, or weathering the bad until the good came along.

There was one night that this writer remembers. The Harry Jameses are good friends of Claudette Colbert and her husband, a brilliant ear and throat specialist. They had driven rather hurriedly from the Del Mar racetrack where their stable of horses had been given a home, prior to winning a lot of nice, if sometimes small purses.

It was a dark, dismal night, and the rain had given the streets a coating like wax. There was a crash, a rapid turning of the wheel, the car side-slipped and skidded towards the oncoming traffic. Betty hit the windshield.

Four hours later Dr. Joel Pressman, Claudette's husband, looked at Betty's disfigured, almost pulverized face. "You'll have to have a new nose," he said, not too jocularly.

And Betty, through the bandages, the clotted blood and the pain, managed to grin. "If I need that," she said, "I'd rather quit. No facial surgery for this girl if it means picking up an option."

Actual truth of the matter is that Betty's face was in such a state that a little facial surgery would have improved her looks. No nose is ever perfect. No chin, or eye-line, or neck can't be done over with good effect.

But Dr. Pressman was not a facial surgeon, and Betty was not a guinea pig. She got well pretty quickly and she emerged from the bandages and the hospitalization as she always was—Betty Grable.

It was an incident that emphasized Betty Grable's great quality: a total and utter absence of any artificiality. At no time in her long time career has she ever resorted to aids that might prolong her



Betty Grable may retire after doing musical, "The Pleasure Is All Mine."

life in movie business, or accentuate her already good looks.

If Betty quit tomorrow, she would have no regrets, hardly any problems. She has never hidden the fact that she would rather be Mrs. Harry James, and the mother of two darling girls, Vicki and Jessica, than the biggest star in all Hollywood.

"We're like sisters," she told this writer once. "We have a wonderful time together, and sometimes I think of what would have happened if I had been a star first and a mother last. I think I must be the happiest woman in the world because I have never allowed my professional life to intrude on my private world."

Probably what Mr. and Mrs. Harry James like more than anything in the world, after their home life and their studio or theatre life, is horses. It has been an infectious hobby, and something that even Vicki has picked up. They have never stood in the way of her looking over the Racing Form and picking some selections—usually with luck.

They fly all over the nation to catch good racing, even if their own horses are not running. Vicki loves this, although she can't always go with them because of schooling. One day she took a fork from the kitchen drawer and poked the racing form and Betty, startled, said:

"What on earth are you doing, darling?"

"Oh," said Vicki, "I got tired of picking winners. I thought I'd like to pick win, place and show."

That night Betty turned to Harry and said, "Do you think this racing business is bad for the children?"

Harry grinned. "We have girls, remember. No chance for any bookmakers in the business."

Recently, for the first time in their careers Betty Grable and Harry James appeared in an act together. They played a week at the Chicago Theatre, in Chicago, and a week at the Michigan Theatre in Detroit. From the way the audi-

ence responded to their efforts Betty and Harry know they are still big box-office, together and individually. But does this mean that Betty has decided to retire from the movies after she makes the oft-postponed "The Pleasure Is All Mine," the musical she agreed to do for Columbia right after 20th Century-Fox dropped her? Up to now it has almost seemed as though Betty were sorry she had signed to do this picture. This is the only film commitment she has, however, and after that, then what?

"Perhaps Betty thinks that the end is in sight for her," says one friend. "She may well feel that the face has become too familiar, the figure monotonous. But Joan Crawford never looked better in tights than she did in 'Torch Song,' and while she may not be old enough to be Betty's mother, at least Joan shows that the old war horse still has plenty of vim and fire in it."

Whatever you may believe about Betty

Grable, one fact is inescapable. She is perennially youthful. It's hard to even think that the star of 1933 is going as strong in 1953. It's even harder to believe that she may still be on top ten years from now!

The fact that her home studio dropped her contract means little in the future of a player who has sustained popularity with press and public alike for ages! Today, in the Hollywood studios, product has become more important than talent—and the fact that CinemaScope means more at the box-office than many of the stars is a point not to be ignored.

Betty Grable is only one of the stars being lost in the shuffle. But don't get the picture wrong, because Hollywood knows just what is happening with Betty Grable. "She's just sitting tight," say the experts, "and when she emerges from the confusion of what she really wants to do—Betty will probably prove that she's bigger than ever."

END

DON'T BE OBVIOUS, GIRLS!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

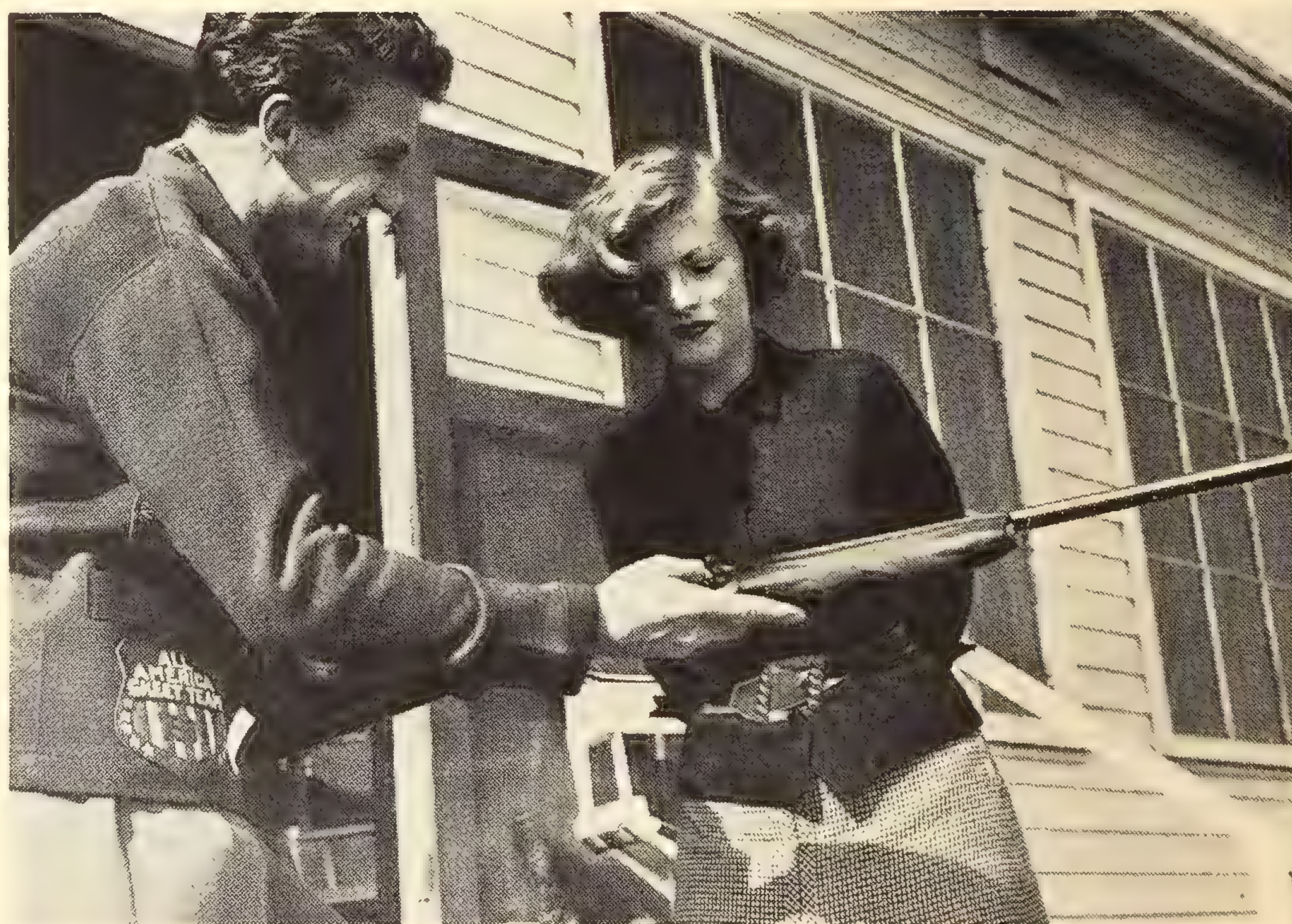
looking elsewhere. However, I suppose that in their own feminine self-assurance, they'd never give us credit for catching on to these obvious facts about them!

Before we go any further, I certainly hope this article won't sound as if I'm trying to answer that constant stream of magazine articles in which Hollywood bachelors are cussed and discussed by their female counterparts. I'm not. I'm just shooting off my big mouth. I'll be sorry, I'll bet, because I don't think for one moment that what I say will change anything whatever, unless it makes me the most dateless guy in town!

Take one of the most common types of obvious gals who, because of her

assorted strategies, makes men run like scared rabbits in the opposite direction. She's the girl who's overwhelmed with her face and body beautiful. Her make-up, her hairstyle, her clothes and her jewelry are the last word. She's familiar with the trademark of every couturier, she's on speaking terms with all the chic milliners, and her knowledge of beauty preparations and perfumes is really fabulous. What she doesn't know about the world of high fashion isn't worth bothering with.

When she spends a day at the beach, she wears a Bikini suit that she hopes will mesmerize the men and annoy the women. She's fully aware of the impression she is creating, and she does



Bob Stack, a champion skeet shooter, instructs Paula Raymond how to handle a rifle. Bob has always favored girls who are not bored with his favorite sports.

all she knows to accentuate it. The men hopefully wonder how the suit can possibly stay on when she gets into the water, and she toys in the breakers just to whet that hope. The women nourish the desire that she'll drown in the process.

On the other hand, during a recent trip to France, I saw a girl wearing that same kind of Bikini suit. She walked with ease, not inviting attention, completely unaware of the picture she created. On her the suit looked fine, and never once did you have the thought that she wasn't properly dressed for a swim. That same evening, playing against her own magnificent figure, she wore a high-necked dress, and she accentuated her charms four times as much as at the beach.

Doing the most with yourself is an admirable trait, but when it becomes the most important thing in a girl's life, she winds up a pretty one-sided character. All she knows and has time for are her own personal demands of her long-time project, and trying to steer her into any other channel of conversation is a futile move. Just the thought of the maintenance cost of such a wife is enough to frighten away the wealthiest of bachelors.

Next on the list is the career girl, and I guess the Hollywoods are full of them. She has the most fantastic one-track mind in existence, and she collects and directs all her thoughts into this one channel. Take her to a party, and she immediately cases the place for all the important people. If she doesn't know them, she'll ask you to introduce her, or she'll take matters into her own hands, make a beeline for her victim, and by some ruse or other engage him in conversation.

If she has heard that a producer present is in the throes of casting a picture, she really rains her attention upon him. She employs every wile she has at her command, draws him out with questions about his movie and remarks what a wonderful plot it has, and then adds she has been dying to act in just such a film. She's just as charming with the press people, and laughingly hands them little newsy tidbits she's been saving for such an occasion.

What she fails to realize is that, in following this campaign, she puts herself in direct competition with her escort, who's in the same business. She'd be much wiser if she'd develop the protective angle in the man, and let him do all this groundwork for her. And believe me, it would be received much more effectively if he spearheaded everything for her.

Every actor knows and is on to the girl who is nice to the "little people." In this category she includes the grips, electricians and the so-called lesser important workers behind the celluloid scene. Yet these "little people" are onto her after she utters her first sentence, since they're hardened craftsmen who have seen her type come and go in the many decades they've put into their jobs. What she should do is to respect their real importance, not patronize them, and it takes a seasoned expert to do this.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



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Life's too short to cope with games, from the way I see it, and in this category is the enterprising girl who has your date with her planned down to the last detail without once having consulted you. She meets you at her door and announces: "We'll have cocktails at the Polo Lounge at the Beverly Hills Hotel, and then we ought to go to Romanoff's for dinner."

Before you have a chance to open your mouth with a little suggestion of your own, she continues with: "Then there's a wonderful show at Ciro's, and if we watch the time, we can catch the late show at the Mocambo." She does it all so matter-of-factly that you begin to feel that you'd be a flatfoot hick if you didn't go along with her preplanned schedule. So, disenchanted, you have to go along with her notions.

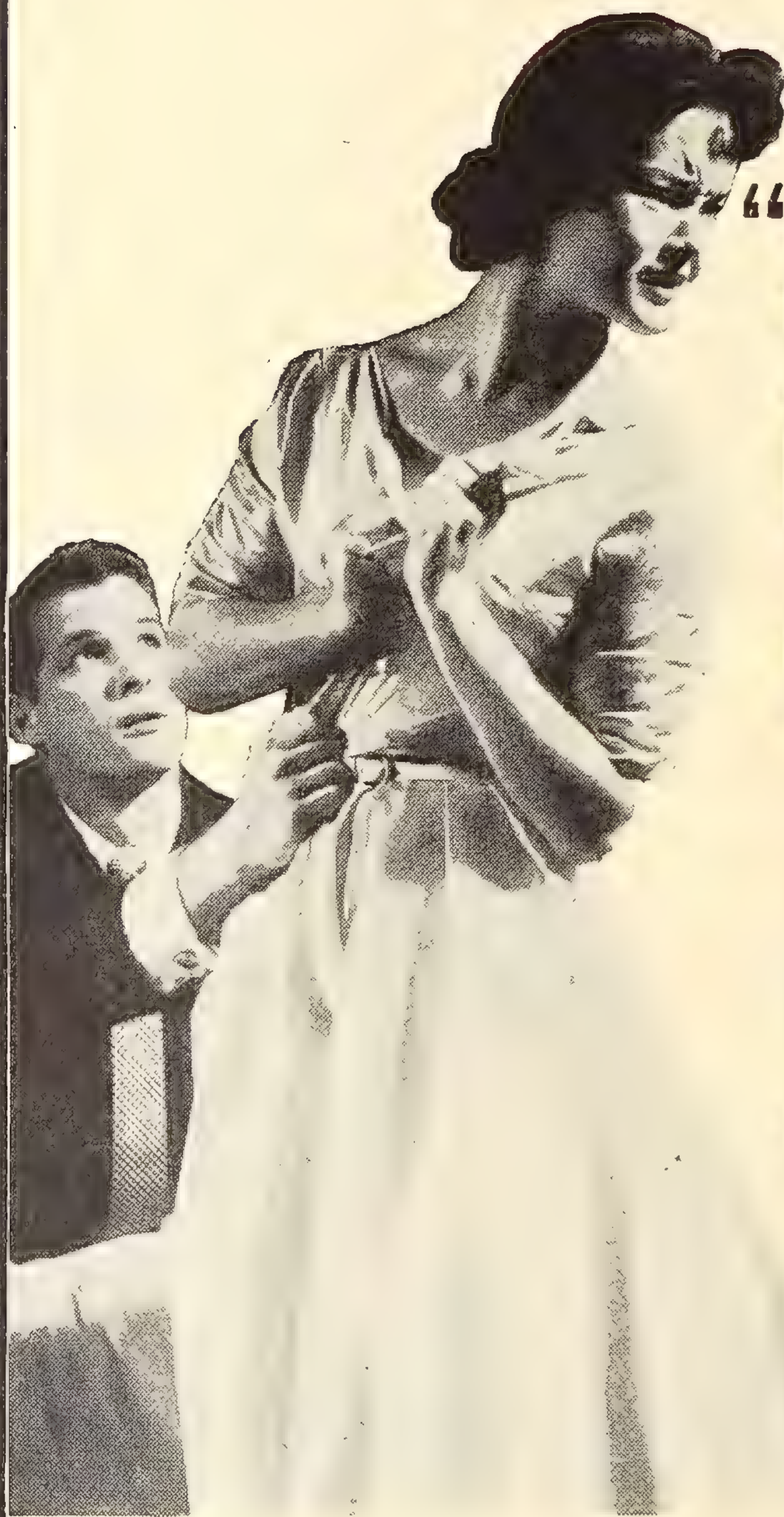
As a rule, it's the man who likes to do the planning and be the protagonist in his relationship with a woman. What's worse, the program this kind of girl has outlined causes you to spend about \$70.00 more than you had planned, and it knocks your personal budget for a loop. Maybe, since she's doing all the planning, she should be handed the tabs for the evening. One such treatment would cure her!

Hollywood doesn't have a corner on the next kind of obvious creature. She's the one with a smattering knowledge of everything. Just mention any topic, and she's off. She has just listened to the last Bob Hope show, which makes her a comedian and critic. She has caught a disc jockey's half-hour session, and she can declaim about the latest with the songwriters, the musicians, and the hit tunes.

She barges into groups of assorted professional people, and rattles on about what's what in their fields. What she is actually doing is playing a vast game of bluff, covering her insecurity by her incessant chatter, but unfortunately, her listeners are plainly aware of this. I cover my own insecurity by not talking, presuming that what people don't know about me won't hurt me!

Another kind of girl who gets up my dander is the vague thing who's bored with life and can't raise a glimmer of enthusiasm for anything. I take great pride in ordering a dinner well, for instance, because I feel this is a man's job. Yet it can be pheasant, breast of guinea hen under glass, or cherries jubilee, but she doesn't make a comment except to say that the champagne isn't chilled enough. She's casual with her mink stole, drags and drapes it, but she never takes her eagle eye off it for a moment. It's all a pose, of course, since she thinks this disinterest falls under the classification of great sophistication.

You can't help but get the feeling that she's eminently preoccupied with herself, and that she feels that you're lucky to be out with such an experienced lady of the world. You begin to think just the opposite. Your true sophisticate praises a good hamburger as much as a grenadine of beef, she's fun to be with because her wealth of living shows up in her generous personality and her



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in the
world...
and
hungry
for love..."**

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tolerance, and she has a sense of humor which makes the evening genuinely refreshing.

Among the briefer classifications of girls who are open books to men are the numbers who have been told they are sexy, so they all begin copying Marilyn Monroe. They effect the same hair, the sultry face, the walk. And I needn't point out to you that a copy is still an imitation, no matter how well the impersonation may turn out.

Every city has its professional lady artists or writers who dote on being called Bohemians. To me they are, for the greater part, merely poseurs who are rarely truly creative, but who revel in the so-called pseudo-intelligent, free life. As a rule, they dress to extremes, their houses are a mess, and they've been known to use bacon for bookmarks! Only a male Bohemian could possibly be interested in them!

Finally, there's the most lethal type of obvious lady. She's completely marriage-minded, and she uses the most effective weapon she knows—a happy example. You may have tickets for the fight, but she insists you have dinner with her friends Bill and Ginni, since they're such a great couple and live so happily in their rose-covered cottage. Besides, she points out to you, what could possibly be more wonderful than a good-cooked

dinner in idyllic and harmonious surroundings?

You arrive at Bill and Ginni's and they greet you warmly. Naturally, they've been primed, and Ginni is in complete cahoots with your date. The kiddies swarm around you and very soon start calling you Uncle Bob, and Bill invites you to sit down, take off your shoes, and enjoy a round of cocktails while the girls prepare the dinner. It's all so domestic that you feel like purring.

I'm the first to agree that this is a mighty potent example to be put before you, especially after a series of the other types of women I've mentioned, and that the chances of your going for such a future are mighty good. Yet I repeat that it's the man who wants the idea to be his own, and not to be sold into it by observing others.

I'm not a foe of domesticity and nobody likes children more than I do. I hope to get married soon and have a family of my own. When I do, I'll be ready for it of my own volition.

Who can guarantee that I might not turn right around and marry one of the ladies I've mentioned in this article? If I do, I hope she won't have a copy of this to hold over me. All I'll be able to answer will be: "Of course that isn't you. It was six other women some Sunset Strip casanova told me about!" **END**

A VILLAIN'S VIEWS ON MARRIAGE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

you have a good day, supper'll be ready in a minute, don't bother me because I'm watching television" kind of dialogue.

Marriage may be an institution invented by females to trap the poor male sex, as many helpless husbands will be happy to testify. If so, I'm trapped for good. I may be a tough character, a wise guy, a villain in most of my pictures. I may fight men and rough up women, but don't let all that fool you. I'm a pretty contented husband, and don't beat up my family more than once every three days.

I've had sixteen years of it with Katie, and we have four kids, ranging in age from 18 months to 12 years. Sometimes I feel more like an institution than a husband and father. At least, when I face this sizable cast of characters I'm able to get everybody's name straight—quite a feat in itself.

But let's get down to some hard facts about this thing called marriage. Why has ours kept on comparatively even keel for all this time? What does marriage mean to a Joe like me?

Katie had a highly promising career ahead of her when we met. She could have gone ahead to be one of the top stars Hollywood has ever had. She voted against it, because she preferred to star as wife and mother. She made that decision, and if anybody thinks that I protested, they're nuts. I was pretty happy about it. Katie never really wanted a career very badly, she confesses. As the adopted daughter of Cecil B. DeMille, she

just drifted into films naturally, and after we got married, drifted out just as naturally. So right at the beginning our marriage was free of those murderous "career vs. marriage" tensions.

That in itself is a very important point. The most difficult problem in a marriage is the ego, and when you have two people working in such an ego profession as pictures, you're living in boiling lava. Real wedded bliss between two Hollywood actors just doesn't exist, and if Katie hadn't so willingly made her decision to bow out, I'm sure we would have had our share of difficulties from the very first. Hitched life depends on the extent to which two people can sublimate their respective egos, and you can't do it when you're in the kind of work that can easily make you lose your balance and perspective.

This doesn't mean that I've tossed away my prerogatives as head of the family. Not on your life, brother! Coming as I do from a Latin background, I'm a believer in male domination of the home. For me, it's got to be that way! Katie, who's part Italian, seems to have just enough Latin blood—or more likely, the patience and love—to fall in with the tradition. This doesn't mean that I go around shouting orders, make everybody salaam low before they can talk to me, drink the baby's milk if I'm in the mood, or go off for weeks on a tear and let Katie and the kids go wander hungrily through the streets looking for something to eat.

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Home-loving Anthony Quinn, with member of Italian cast, discusses "Ulysses," on location in Rome. Tony co-stars with Kirk Douglas and Silvana Mangano.

Proof of that is that the whole shebang of Quinns is here in Italy with me. When I came to Rome to do three films, I could have come by myself and had myself a ball. A lot of guys would have done just that. I didn't want it that way. I wanted the family to share my experiences. It doesn't happen every day that an American family can spend some time in a country as beautiful and interesting as Italy, and I couldn't quite see myself making films over here and sending postcards every other week saying "wish you were here," while I was out doing the sights with some pretty guide. Or telling somebody else's kid how much she reminded me of my own six thousand miles away. I wondered about shifting the kids from the States and putting them in school in a foreign country, but Katie liked the idea. She said the children had more to gain than they could possibly lose, and the kids seem to agree with her. They're in school now and can spout Italian like the natives.

I'm one of those guys who loves his work. I love every phase of it—even taking baths. (*I spent a whole day taking a bath in a washtub for "Cavalleria Rusticana," with that curvaceous Kerima soaping my back, over and over, oh, so tenderly. You call that work!*) I seem to have enough drive for a half-dozen people. I thrive on activity. I'm happiest when I'm busy. Even if I'm supposed to be on vacation, I'm always doing something—writing, painting, or just plain thinking.

I just finished a staggering schedule that no American actor—to my knowledge—had ever undertaken. I was in three pictures being shot *simultaneously* in *three* different places! That's what being drawn and quartered *really* means. I worked on "Ulysses" with Silvana Mangano and Kirk Douglas here in Rome. In-between, I flew down to Sicily for "Cavalleria Rusticana." Then I dashed over to Civitavecchia, about 40 miles from Rome on the Ligurian Sea, to carry on with Linda Darnell and Valentina Cor-

tese in "Forbidden Women." I had to keep my centuries straight, too. I had to go back about 2,600 years for "Ulysses," to the Nineteenth Century for "Cavalleria," and then come back to the present for "Forbidden Women." And to top all this off, I worked on a film script which I've already sold.

For quite a while my schedule was one picture from six in the morning until noon, another from one until eight. Then I went home to eat and catch up with Katie and the children. After supper, I worked on my script. A couple of hours of sleep, and I was up at five, raring to go for the day's work.

Could I have accomplished all this without Katie? Of course not. Marriage and family forced me to look at life realistically. I know that I *have* to work, that I can't sit around just waiting for an inspiration to strike like lightning. My marriage has made me a better man as it has made me a better actor. Why? Because it made me learn my trade by work, work and more work, day after day, month after month. It's given me purpose as well as energy.

But there's more to it than that. Katie understands. She understands not only the problems of Tony, the actor, but of Tony, the man. Having been in the thick of the game herself, she knows everything there is to know about what a performer goes through. And having lived with me, she knows what I am and why I do what I do—I hope! Katie says that people, caught by my intensity and enthusiasm, begin to feed on it like parasites and suck mental and moral support out of me. She feels that this is unfair to me because it drains me of my energy. She may be right about that, but that's the way I'm built. I find life exciting, and if I'm to live, I have to live intensely. There's a fire in life and a fire in me, so I feel the burn in both directions. I can't do anything about it and wouldn't if I could.

What about our kids? An all-star cast. There isn't much I can tell you about

Valentina, who hasn't been in this world very long. She hasn't said much about what she wants for the future, but she makes herself plenty clear about what she wants for the present, bless her.

Christine is 12, looks 15 and has a powerful will that pretty much proves she's her father's daughter. She's been getting all kinds of violent love letters from several Sicilian boys she met when I had the family down there on location. To my dying hour, I'll never forget Christine's meeting with Greta Garbo in Hollywood six or seven years ago. Garbo came into our house—it used to be hers—and Christine answered the door. These two queens regally stood looking at one another for what I thought was a solid year. It was Garbo who finally made the first move. Christine wasn't playing second lead to anybody, not even to the most glamorous star the film world has ever seen.

Kathleen is 11, gregarious, fresh, exuberant and cute. She's cheerful, has a great curiosity and a fantastic imagination. She's a great pal for Duncan, number three on our list. Right now, Kathy wants to be a painter, and it goes without saying that her family will give her all the encouragement she needs.

Duncan is eight and is my chief competitor for Hollywood stardom. Bill Goetz wanted him for a leading role in a pretty important picture. I put it up to Duncan, explaining all the rigors and hazards of Hollywood life—the long hours, the studio schools, the lack of time for relaxation or play. Duncan reflected on this for a fast two and one-half minutes, then, with great dignity, announced his important decision. "Dad," he said, "I'm not ready for a movie career. I'll wait until I'm an older man of . . . thirteen." Did *that* remark make me feel like a doddering old fool of 95!

Katie and I try to give the children the basic rules for living, the important ingredients, so to speak. You can't have anarchy any more in family life than you can in a country, and the laws we've set up are based on a common goal, for the common good, in which everybody in the family has the right to develop as an individual and is entitled to his day at court.

But we don't stop there. Katie and I had our dreams from the time we met. They were good dreams then, they are now. We've been lucky to realize some of them, and the others still give us inspiration. We want each of the kids to have their dreams too, their own which give them that fascinating feeling that whenever they want to, they can fly high and higher.

They're quite a bunch, these four. And my 16-year-old hitch with Katherine DeMille Quinn is quite a healthy run. I've loved gabbing about her and my marriage. But hold on a second. . . .

What'd you say, Katie? Yeah? Really? You don't mean that! I had no *idea* you thought things like that. What do you know?

All right, all right. Any guy who opens up his trap to tell the world the inside story of his marriage is a darned fool.

What in heck do I know about it? **END**



NO WOMAN COULD STAND IN HIS WAY...

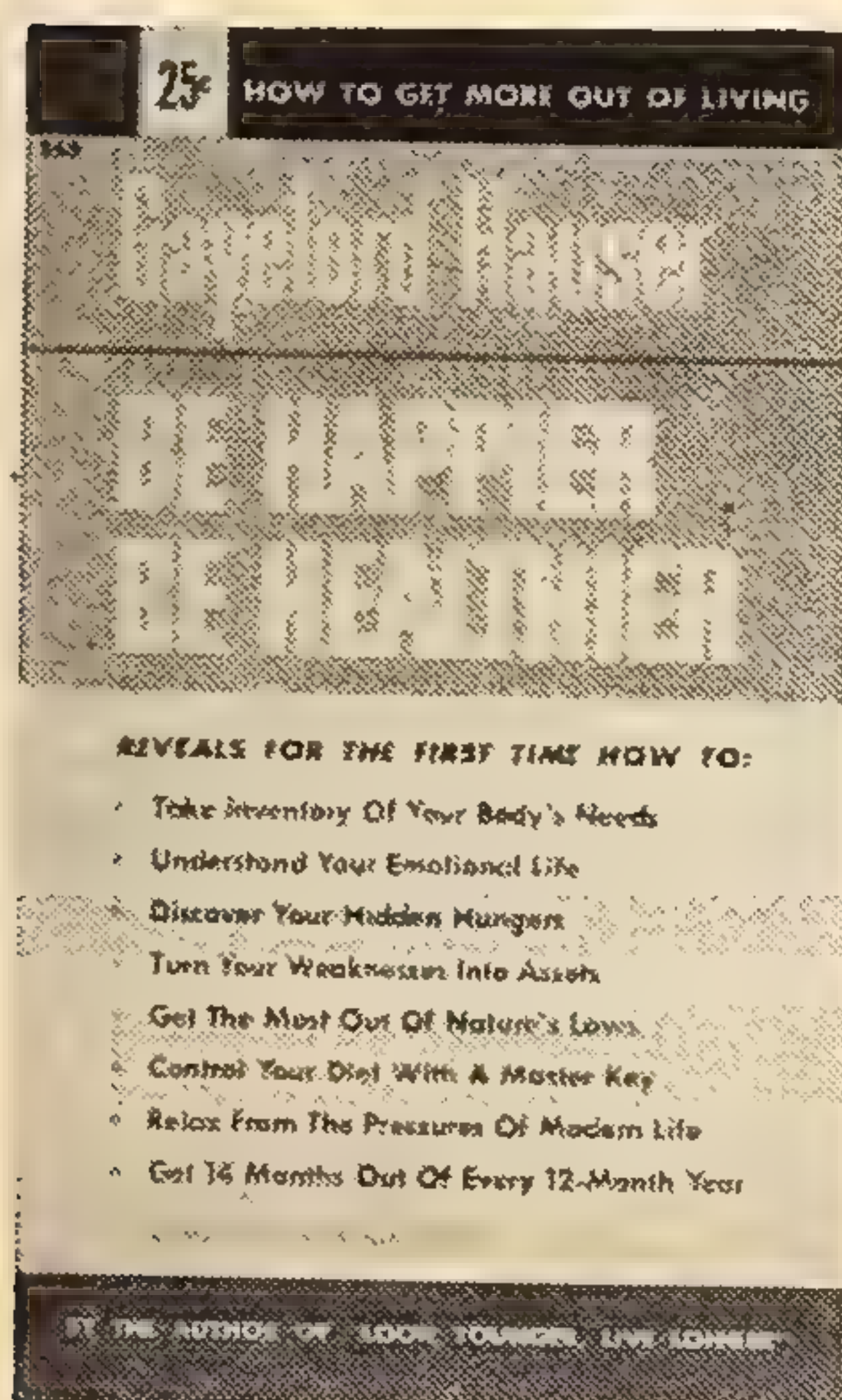
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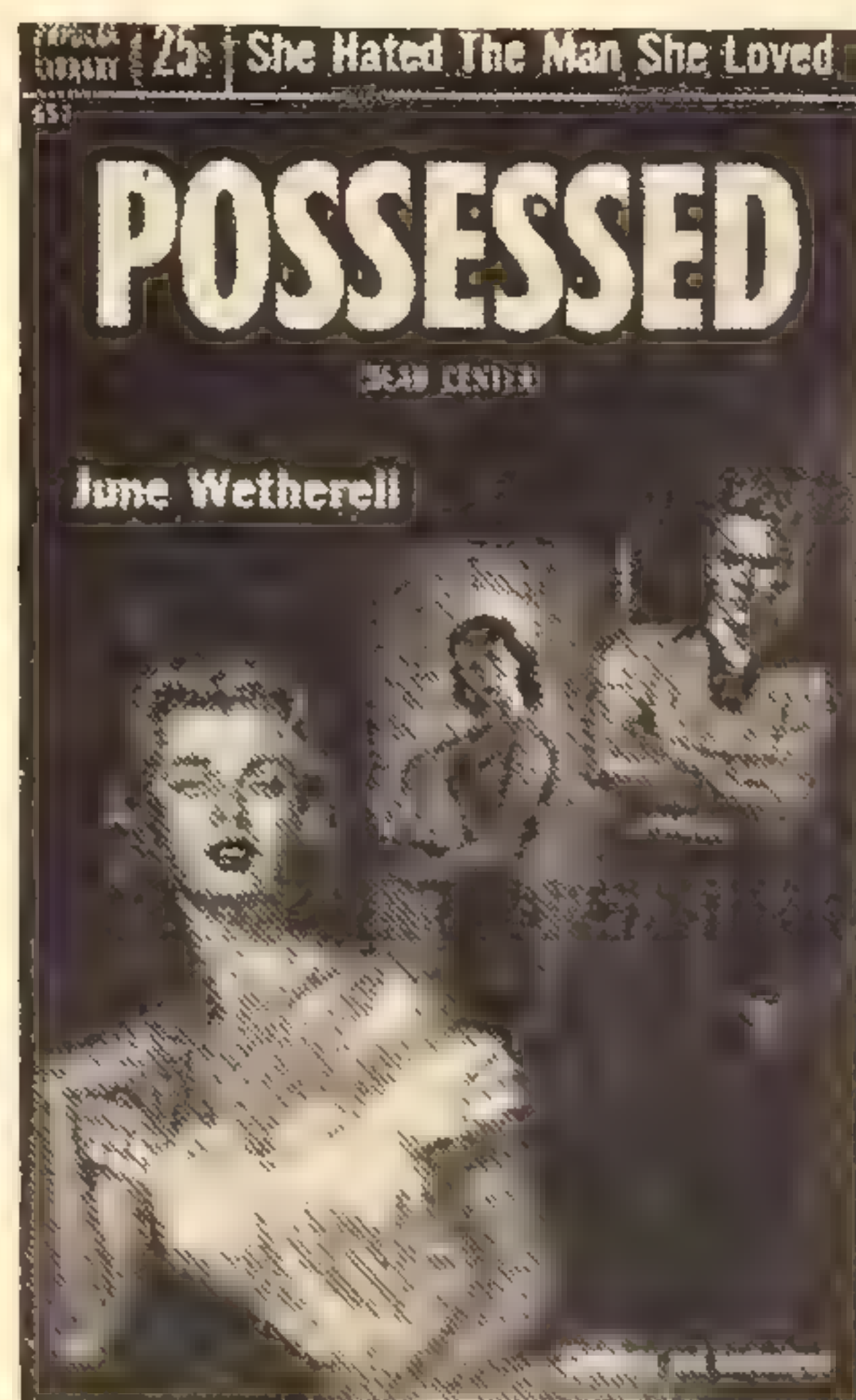


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Roy Rogers and his wife, Dale Evans, both in Western garb, as they attend a premiere. There are no two more religious people in Hollywood than Roy and Dale.

LIVE WITH YOUR TROUBLES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

and other culinary delights thereon.

The Rogers home is full, by the by, of delightful means of waiting on yourself, and, symbolically, helping yourself.

What a gay group it was, gathered at this table that night. Roy, at his regular head-of-the-family post, asked the blessing. Dale; Cheryl, their beautiful 13-year-old; Linda, cute and blonde; Dusty and Sandy, a couple of freckle-faced "Lone Ranger" fans; Roy and Dale's manager, Al Rackin, and I, all responded. And it seemed to me that even Baby Dodie, the infant they adopted just after Robin Elizabeth's death, looked sweetly serious in her high chair for just a moment, as the words of the grace were spoken.

Oh yes. Everyone eats together at the Rogerses. This family that prays together, stays together. As much as possible, each shares food and fun and chores and chatter . . . and problems.

The meal continued, amid talk of Cheryl's date for that evening; Roy's fatherly interest in whether the lad's father was delivering them to the party, and returning them; Dale's explanation to the boys of what they could take on the upcoming yacht weekend, meanwhile spooning green baby food into Dodie's little-bird mouth; and much laughter on all sides.

Yet I knew that each of them, the girls, the little boys, and Roy and Dale themselves, might have seen in the very sight of Dodie at that table, a reminder of a time so heart-breaking as to forever still any such merriment and light-heartedness.

Dodie's place, not so long ago, was occupied by Robin Elizabeth.

Born September 25, 1950, she died in August, 1952. Robin was a lovely little blonde. But very soon after her birth, doctors told Dale and Roy their baby was a Mongoloid—a little human being whose

body and brain were malformed from the very beginning. Delicate and prey to every slight ailment during her brief months on earth, the family all knew that "such children, if they mature in body, usually are imbeciles."

And as Dale herself has written, "We asked . . . what do you do with a Mongoloid baby?"

The world has since learned that Dale, Roy and their boys and girls chose gladly to keep Robin with them. They bought the San Fernando Valley ranch, in fact, so that they might have room for a special nursery for her, close to them. It was in the little two-room guest house, just a few steps away from the main house, that she died. Yet, it is in this spot, at the very last a virtual hospital, that Linda and Cheryl now have their living quarters.

It was shortly after the meal had ended that Roy and I stepped into these quarters, as part of the "conducted tour" which every visitor is eager to take.

Anyone who's ever seen a room occupied by growing girls can conjure up a picture of what the interior looked like: Photos of movie stars, toys just a shade outgrown but kept for sentimental reasons, dresses over chairs which Mother, soon, will order properly hung up. The sweet disorder of youth.

"This," Roy said, "is where our Robin lived, you know."

You knew that, at that moment, he saw not the room as it was, but as it had been, fitted with the pastel prettiness of a nursery, and a little crib in this corner, over which hovered sorrowing parents and sisters and brothers, and an endless parade of doctors and nurses.

Roy had been the proud master of his own little bit of land, up till then. Enthusiastically, he's shown me the vegetable gardens, the berry patches, the outdoor barbecue pit with Western decor

brightening the adjacent tables and chairs, the tennis court and the swimming pool. He'd seemed to know the story of every tree, bush and flower, and how it grew. A piece of newly hoed dirt was testimony to what he'd been doing when he'd entered the kitchen, clad in grimy jeans and sneakers, just before supper time.

But as he spoke of his little girl who was gone, Roy's voice broke. Then quietly, he spoke on. About how he believed you must live with your troubles, make them a part of your life, his fingers strayed to a copy of Dale's beautiful book about the baby. I saw the prayer which she had written:

"Is it Your purpose, God, to heal my baby? . . . If that isn't Your will . . . then give me the strength to meet it, Lord. Strength to face the future and to finish what Robin has started in all our hearts in this house, strength to get her message across to the world . . ."

They mourned Robin, of course. They still do. But Dale and Roy do it in a positive way, through the religion which was always in their hearts, but which has been so strengthened since her death.

In every room of the rambling ranch house, you see printed and framed prayers, happy prayers and inspirational religious pictures. They mingle so naturally with the furnishings which are, of course, very Western in their mood. On the big desk in the study, which boasts oil paintings of Roy and Dale in full regalia, there's a Scripture; in the living room, where deer heads attest to Roy's hunting skill; in the dining room, everywhere are indications that here is a group which makes religion an every day happy affair.

Of course, Dodie's room, in the house itself, is a delight. It's a family gathering place, this new nursery, so of course part of my tour was to see the good night ceremonies.

She's adorable, this "Baby Doe." Yet the fact that they chose her, of all the babies they might have had, is typical of Dale and Roy's new creed. Dodie is an Indian infant, with big dark eyes, coal black hair, lovely deep tan complexion. Some might say, "But she'll grow up to be so different from others she's reared with . . ." "Aren't you afraid?" And, "With four youngsters already, and the tragic experience of the fifth, why did you immediately take on the care and responsibility of a strange new child, when Robin died? She'll be a constant reminder of Robin, her same age, and all."

The answer lies in the family's belief that sorrows must be turned into constructive reasons for new understanding of the meaning of life. They must help you recall the dark days that must be interspersed among the bright ones, the better to appreciate life, the better to learn the lesson of selfishness.

The joy of this family, each member, in caring for and cuddling this little Indian doll, the knowledge of the happy life she'll have—where it might have been a drab one, in an institution—gives just an inkling of the practical results of the "trouble into joy" belief.

Roy, who's not a particularly talkative

person, continued our tour of the ranch with the sort of simple, homey comment that most heads of the house make while showing folks around.

I inspected the Weimaraner dogs, taupe colored animals with odd topaz eyes, and Roy's especially favored hunting hounds. One had a litter of new pups, and there was a long pause while Roy fussed over the sad-faced mother and her squirming charges.

Then on we went, to say "Hi" to the German Shepherds, the noisy chickens and the picturesque geese, the lambs and the cows, and the new quarter horse Roy's thinking of showing.

"I can't keep most of my horses, including Trigger, at this place. They're all over in North Hollywood at my stable," Roy said, I thought a bit wistfully. For here is a man who loves to be close to whatever concerns him deeply—his family, his work, his religion.

As we looked over the thriving acres of corn, tomatoes, fruit, vegetables and berries of every sort, I recalled remarks that Roy was probably "strictly a city cowboy." No one, seeing him pause to notice a browning leaf, to inspect a setting hen, to size up the coat of a placid Bossy, or hearing him declaim on the variety, type and growth of the plentiful trees, could call him anything but a fellow who considers any but rural life a virtual imprisonment.

We had just left the refrigerator house, replete with dozens of eggs, whole carcasses of meat and worlds of sausages, all the result of butchering on the place, and crocks of beautiful butter.

I'd remarked that they could eat well without going to market for a long spell. Roy laughed, and then began commenting on how fine the locality was for the youngsters, since they can all attend nice public schools nearby, and have plenty of fine playmates among the neighbors. Some of their neighbors, by the by, are owners of similar large estates. But many more live in the modest bungalows recently built across the road and on

either side of the Roger's acres.

Dale, who'd been finishing up a sewing chore on a confirmation dress, came out of the house just then, to join us.

The air was perfect, a warm-cool combination that wafted the scents of flowers and fruits and the great, good outdoors.

A full moon just rising shone on the pool, the house, the lovely gardens, and all of the grounds which bespoke the pleasantest kind of living. Living which costs much, to be sure. But living which represents such a good investment of dollars you've been lucky enough to earn.

And it was of luck, and earning, that Dale and Roy were speaking, just then.

"Hollywood, the public, our friends everywhere, have all been so wonderful to us. We feel grateful, and lucky," Roy said.

And then my eyes strayed to an object that was, at first glimpse, the one false note in the entire picture.

Just ahead, beyond the sleek convertibles and the spiffy station wagons and the plain business autos assembled under the shelter, was the most dilapidated old truck one could imagine. A 1930 Dodge, I later learned, though the license was in the early 40's.

"What on earth . . ." I began.

Roy grinned.

"That's my car that takes me back to yesterday, or rather, a whole lot of yesterdays. That's my best way of keeping on an even keel, whenever things seem a little mixed up. Or when I'm maybe annoyed about a business matter, or, well, you know, just feeling downright ornery.

"It's good for me, too, when I'm tempted to feel too optimistic, or maybe a little selfish, or worse, self-satisfied."

The 1930 Dodge does that for Roy because, you see, it is the car which brought a nearly penniless lad from Ohio to California, during depression days. All through the hand-to-mouth months that turned into years, when this fellow with the nice face, nice voice, and nice manners was aiming toward a spot, any spot, in show business, the truck was his mainstay. It was his headquarters. Actually, it often was his home.

With success and fame achieved, there are some who want to do away promptly with anything—sometimes, even friends—who remind them of days of poverty and obscurity. Roy doesn't think these folks have the right idea at all, nor one which makes for real happiness. Just as he believes, "Live with your troubles," so he believes, "Remember your struggles. Keep every part of your life, your ups and your downs, forever with you."

But don't just keep them as souvenirs, or as a means of perpetuating your sorrow. Turn them, always, into inspiration. Roy's done that. He thinks everyone can, if they'll do a little thinking about it.

For some, I thought as I drove from this castle of hope and happiness, sorrow sets the scene for surrender. Dreams disappear. Hope becomes hopelessness. Instead of a day-to-day drama of new doing, new living, life becomes lifeless. For Roy and Dale, sorrow has been the material out of which they have built a richer, stronger life. And the best life possible.

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ZSA ZSA'S FANTASTIC BEHAVIOR

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Zsa Zsa, herself, had a terse comment on the matter.

"George," she insists, "nevaire bought me any zing, and he was seeing ozer women."

That Sanders meant business was evidenced by a letter which exclusive shops in the Hollywood area, where Zsa Zsa has charge accounts, received when the divorce action was filed.

"I have separated from my wife Sari G. Sanders, also known as Zsa Zsa Gabor," it read, "and I am not responsible for any debts she may incur."

Zsa Zsa flew into Hollywood a few days later for a conference with her lawyer, Greg Bautzer. There was a hint she would file a countersuit for divorce.

There was also a suggestion a reconciliation might yet be reached, though it is recalled their other quarrels never got to the legal paper stage. Zsa Zsa by now had discarded her unaccustomed reticence. She said she "wasn't surprised by anything George does," adding:

"He does whatever his psychoanalyst tells him."

The celebrated 34-year-old Hungarian beauty made news last Summer when she was dating wealthy Porfirio Rubirosa, handsome ex-husband of Doris Duke, who has since married Barbara Hutton.

At the time she was trying to decide whether to give George a cold or a warm shoulder. Arriving in New York from Paris, she refused to deny reports she was seeking a divorce.

"I have not been happy with George for a long time," said the opulent actress. "It has not been the best marriage."

She admitted she had been seeing Porfirio frequently and explained that he and her husband were entirely different.

"Ruby's Latin and George is English—English and cold," she said.

George, in Paris, was disturbed when he learned his gorgeous blonde wanted to call the whole thing off.

While he was reported finding life without Zsa Zsa as austere as a Sunday in London she hurried back to Hollywood. And guess what? She was as unpredictable as ever.

"I don't know why all this talk started about George and me separating," she said. "I went out with other men in Paris, of course. I went out many times with Porfirio Rubirosa. I also saw King Farouk."

She added she thought Farouk was "greatly maligned." She was not asked for further details about Farouk, but she refused to be pinned down about "leaving George."

"I can't say I'm not leaving George. But I will tell you I am going to try to give my marriage another chance. I don't know whether we will work it out or not."

The blonde bombshell confessed she had been "silly" about George.

"If I hadn't been silly about him I could have married one of the richest men in Europe."

While Hollywood was recalling that

Rubirosa is a very rich man, Zsa Zsa said she had visited the Aga Khan and his Begum in Paris.

"When I told the Aga I lost a diamond heart off my bracelet, the Aga," she said, "gallantly replied that he, too, had lost his heart."

Back to Europe went the ebullient Gabor. And for a part of August she and the 45-year-old Rubirosa, Minister from Santo Domingo to Paris, vacationed in the village of St. Paul de Vence, a few miles back of the Riviera.

Asked by newsmen there if she intended to divorce Sanders, she said: "It's not certain—not certain at all."

But it was as certain as the moonlight over the Mediterranean that she had remained on friendly terms with George Sanders, as with her two ex-husbands—



Zsa Zsa Gabor with her daughter, Constance Francesca, who is now four. Despite Zsa Zsa's worldliness and quest for true love, she's a devoted mother.

Burnham Belge, Turkish diplomat, and Conrad Hilton, American hotel magnate.

Moving on to Deauville a few weeks later, Zsa Zsa had an important announcement to make. She said she was ready to marry Rubirosa.

Rubirosa breezed into New York on October 26 to see Zsa Zsa. In a matter of days George Sanders stole a march on his wife by filing for divorce first. The two separated for the last time October 20, and he moved out of their Hollywood home at her request.

She was asked if she planned to wed Rubirosa. This was, of course, before his page one marriage to the Woolworth heiress. Zsa Zsa said sharply:

"I don't want to ever marry again."

Rubirosa seemed to have the inside track to Zsa Zsa's heart for a time, and his whirlwind romance and marriage to Babs Hutton left Zsa Zsa stunned.

Rubi was married three times before. His first wife was Flor de Oro Trujillo, daughter of the dictator of the Dominican Republic. The second was the French film star, Danielle Darrieux. His third was multi-millionairess Doris Duke.

Zsa Zsa Gabor has been called the most outspoken actress on the subject of marrying for love.

"One day I think it's a good idea," she once declared. "And the next day I don't. Look at me. I married George for love. And when he's away I'm perfectly miserable."

"You certainly can't accuse me of marrying him for money. I gave up a fortune when I got him."

Zsa Zsa, as a matter of fact, gave up about \$300,000 in alimony from Hilton when she married Sanders. There are times, she has recollected, when she wonders "if George is worth it."

One philosophic morsel of hers concerning romance is:

"A girl should make a man think that is all she wants."

She has called Sanders "cynical." His reply was:

"Who needs all that loving?"

Zsa Zsa Gabor and George Sanders were married April 2, 1949 at Las Vegas, Nev., after an off-and-on romance during which she vowed to marry him "if I have to hit him over the head."

For two years there was comparatively smooth sailing. Then in November, 1951, the marriage hit the rocks after a squabble over a radio program.

She refused to go on the program because she considered the script ridiculed their union. He didn't think so. The disagreement led to an estrangement and to Sanders' classic remark that he had been "discarded like a squeezed lemon."

A month later she was declaring George was pining for a reconciliation but that she hadn't decided whether to kiss and make up.

Hollywood followed their battles with the absorption of historians, learned in January, 1952 that Zsa Zsa was chafing because George wouldn't change his way of living or give up his own apartment.

"Everytime we have words, or even when we don't, he goes there and stays," she said.

They were loving each other and hating each other, depending on their moods. Once on a television show she declared she "wanted George made over the way I want him to be."

But Zsa Zsa never got her wish. Their first domestic rift continued through the Spring of 1952. And both asserted their marriage would end as soon as possible.

She announced she was starting a new life. A woman doesn't need a man, she declared, and she "would give her career ten years and then marry some nice doctor or lawyer—but no actor."

She also asserted she was "through with love."

"If you don't fall in love, you don't get hurt," she said. "My mother told me in Hungary to pick a marriage over a career," and she was convinced her marriage to Sanders broke up because "I'm too good, too sweet, and I let him walk over me."

She said she loved him, that she gave their marriage everything, but he said he wanted a divorce because they'd be happier as romancers than as mates.

Zsa Zsa then revealed George had told her he "would hold my hand through this terrible ordeal of getting a divorce."

She arrived in New York and the war communiques continued. And she denied she had ever said in Hollywood, or anywhere else, that she was "through with love."

"I hope I don't look like someone who is through with love," she said with firmness. "There are plenty on the waiting list."

She insisted she was a successful wife, adding that "only my husbands are not successful husbands." Sanders who is 47, incidentally, is Zsa Zsa's youngest husband. She doesn't like a man her age, she said, because they are "too dumb."

The bundle of Hungarian paprika went on to London to make scenes for "Moulin Rouge," stayed there several weeks and then returned to New York because she was "dying to see my impossible husband."

She really didn't think Sanders "impossible." Quite the contrary.

"We're absolutely made up," she trilled. "Both our love and our work are shared fifty-fifty and when we're mad we're mad together. He's so wonderful. George doesn't trust me. Or, rather, he is jealous. This is the way a husband should be, because he has nothing to worry about. I love only him."

But life for them continued stormy, though with the years Sanders became more suave. He seemed to drop his detached, cynical air, Hollywood observers noted, after he played the role of the diplomat in "Call Me Madam."

By the early Winter of 1953, however, the milk-and-honey phase of their married life reasserted itself. But then, they were separated by the Atlantic Ocean.

She cut short a personal appearance tour to promote "Moulin Rouge" to fly to the bedside of Sanders, seriously ill from food poisoning in Naples. He had collapsed while working on a film with Ingrid Bergman.

Five days later she was back in New York happy to state there was no rift between her and her husband.

"George is terribly homesick for America—and me," she confided, adding that George had phoned her and told her he was so much in love with her that life meant nothing unless she joined him.

Sanders eventually returned to Hollywood. And it was Zsa Zsa who then took up temporary residence in Europe—a residence that brought Porfirio Rubirosa to the status of a devoted admirer.

Now Zsa Zsa and George are divorcing—at last.—Maybe.

Whatever the fates hold for her, she is an exciting, newsworthy individual. Wherever she is, whatever turns up, you will find her always ready with a racy comment on life and love.

Why, no sooner was Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey's scientific study of sexual behavior in the human female published than Zsa Zsa told the world:

"Shame on Dr. Kinsey. He should have talked to me and gotten the truth." END

SHE HAD TO BE BAD!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

her two pet white mice. Yes, you read that right. She loves the things because they're so soft and cuddly, as she puts it. She keeps them in an over-sized brandy glass. At her mother's house she keeps three cats and a duck.

"I'd always wanted white mice," she explained with wide-open eyes. "The studio had a white rat they had used in a picture and they were going to destroy it but they gave it to me instead. When it died recently I acquired the two white mice."

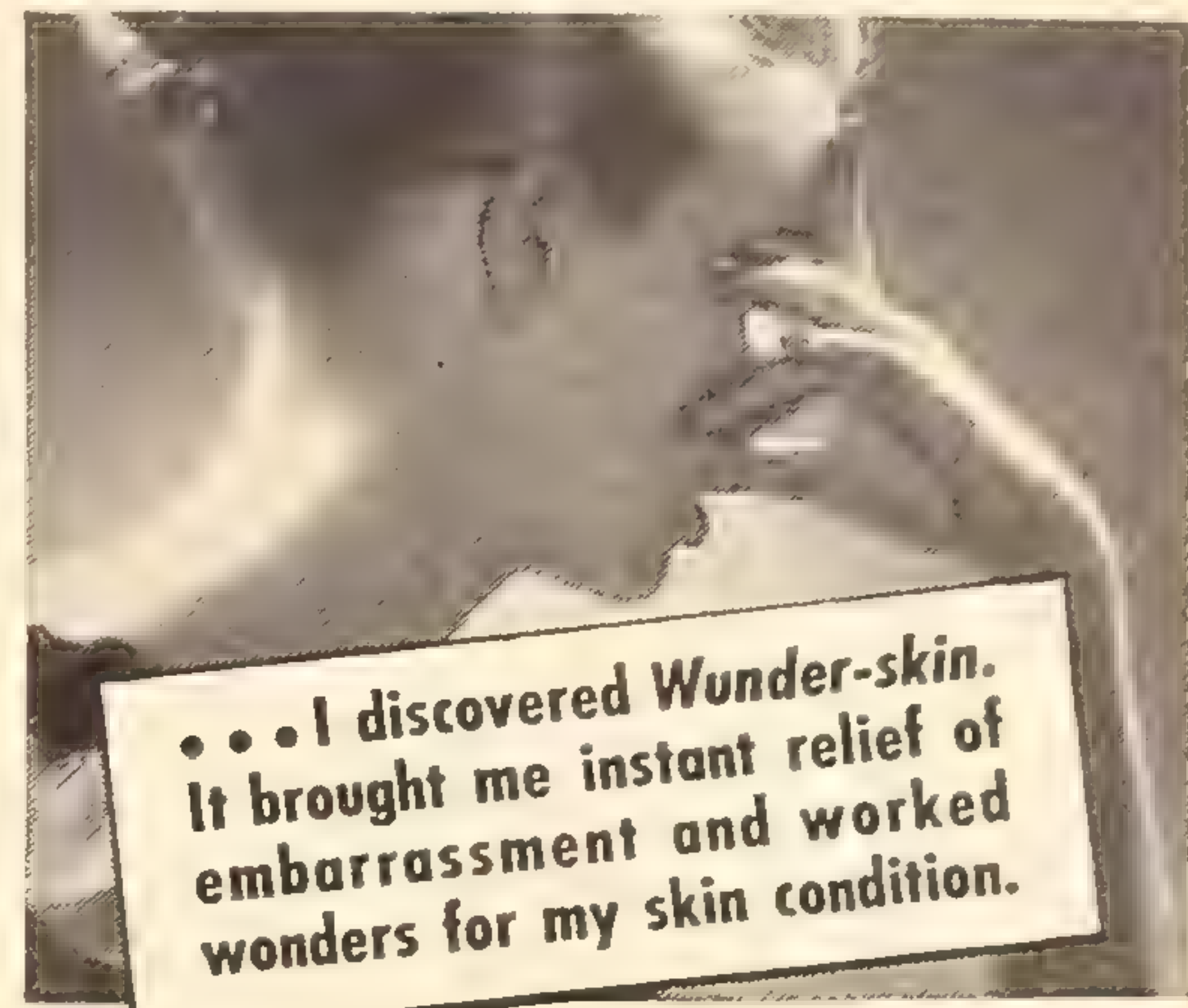
There is no connection between Kathleen's dates and the mice. This should be taken as hasty reassurance. As a batchelor girl she can date as often as she likes—but she still takes a dim view of the life of single bliss.

"Really, a bachelor girl's life is very

sad and dull," she sighed. "I'd much rather be married. But I wouldn't have time to be married now, I guess. I'm at the studio all day and with the nightly rehearsals for a show I get home around eleven at night, so you can see that I'd not be too good a wife at the present. Besides, I've just started a new seven year contract with the studio. I'm so excited about what has happened so far in just the last year. I had my first star billing, my own dressing room with my name on the door, and I have my own chair on the set with my name on it. These are the first symbols and the start of what I hope to accomplish in the future.

"Yet, I would give this all up if I met the right man, but I must confess that I can say that safely, because I feel there's

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no chance of my meeting him in the near future."

Kathleen finds that living alone is a good idea for her because she is, by nature, untidy.

"With no one around to check up on me I get as cluttered as I like," she said lightly. "I always wait to invite people to my place on a Monday evening because that's the day I have a maid in to clean up. But, really, there's not much incentive to being too domestic when you're by yourself. I love to cook, but I can't do much on a hot plate. And there is no reason for me to cook. I love breakfast but I rarely get up in time to fix one and I usually have dinner dates or else I dine with my mother at her home.

"Although I date a good deal I usually go with only one man instead of with several at a time. I go with men I know pretty well because I'm too tired at the end of the day to want to take a chance being with someone I don't know and around whom I can't relax and be myself.

"There are some types of men I don't like. I don't care at all for those who drink a lot nor do I enjoy the aggressive, overly-romantic men. I'm afraid I'm not too subtle in letting them know that I'm not interested in them that way. Nor do I like men who get too serious right away and want to get married.

"I enjoy dating Hollywood actors, though, because I'm in constant contact with them and we have something in common. I'd even be happy to marry one star I know whose name shall be kept secret."

Kathleen is definitely an out and out romanticist. Several times she has fallen in love—or thought she had. To her, it's something like falling in love with love.

"It's wonderful to be in love," Kathleen said honestly. "I'd like to be more cautious about love but I guess a heart rules the head in my case. I know I've gone out with several men who have asked me to marry them and I always refused. Then when they married later I was furious with myself for not having said, 'Yes' to them. Maybe I'm really afraid of marriage. I don't know. That's something I have to figure out some day."

When Kathleen does date she loves to go to a movie. She'd go to one every night if she could. She doesn't care a hoot about just plain dinner dates and she doesn't care to go dancing too often because of the crowded floors.

Kathleen doesn't feel that a guy has to spend a lot of money on her on a date to make her happy. As she quietly but succinctly put it, "Why should I? The best things in life are free."

It's not too surprising that Kathleen turned to acting for her career. Her uncle, F. Hugh Herbert, the noted playwright and screen writer, used to take her around all the sets when she was young and she consequently grew up in the camera atmosphere.

"I used to think, though, that I wanted to be a nurse or a reporter," she grinned. "But that was only because my cousin wanted to be in those professions. Then, one day when I was thirteen, I went to see a movie called 'Mr. Big' with Donald



"I don't enjoy aggressive, overly romantic men," says Kathleen Hughes.

O'Connor. When I came out I decided I wanted to be an actress because everyone in the picture seemed to be having such fun.

"My uncle did everything he could to discourage this ambition. But I went right on looking for the breaks. A scout from 20th Century-Fox saw me one night in a play at the Geller Workshop, a little theatre in town, and asked me to the studio for an audition. I was lucky enough to be given a seven years' contract.

"My uncle was at the studio then doing a screenplay and I was afraid to tell him about my call. He had once said to me that no studio would want me, but least of all 20th. My mother decided I should tell him about the audition anyway. Surprisingly, he was very happy about it and even directed my test for me.

"Then when I left 20th he was absolutely against the move. And yet in the nine months after I left 20th I earned more money on TV and in the Paul Henreid picture than I had made while I was at the studio. Also I was in a Warners film and had the second lead in 'Thy Neighbor's Wife.'

"Looking back on those days at 20th

I'm amazed at how much I've changed. While I was there I was an overgrown Alice in Wonderland. Now look what's happened to me." She smiled broadly. "Isn't it wonderful!"

The guys in Hollywood have cast more than a few wolfish looks in Kathleen's direction but she pays little attention. She may have switched from the demure young thing on the screen to the vixen

but she's still confused about which type is really Kathleen Hughes. For example, she'd love to wear daring dresses but she's afraid to. She'd love to settle down to domesticity but she's not out of the impulsive, romantic stage yet. She has contrasts all right, but what provocative contrasts!

This Kathleen Hughes bears watching—and that will be a pleasant task. **END**

DOROTHY KILGALLEN'S EXCLUSIVE MOVIE GOSSIP

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22]

from Jackie Laughrey after their nine months of wedded bliss (?). Mrs. Mitchell wants out of the marriage and her demand for half a million dollars isn't making her any too popular with Guy's Hollywood friends. One studio wag sent Jackie a telegram inviting her to audition for a top role in "Gold Diggers of 1954." Her lawyers are trying to trace the culprit down and the things Jackie had to say when she first read the wire were vivid, to say the least . . .

Julie London put in several years as Mrs. Jack Webb before she extracted a promised \$500,000 payment from the "Dragnet" star—she also shared the lean years with Webb in their happier days. Not so with Jackie and Guy—Jackie rode the gravy train from the honeymoon on . . .

Howard Duff is trying desperately to persuade tennis star Gussie Moran to cancel her engagement to Edward Hand and wait for him to be freed of Ida Lupino. But the romance experts figure Gussie as the impatient type . . .

Suzan Ball is still having her troubles—her latest leg break isn't setting properly and her doctors are in a quandary as to what to do. The courageous young star has resigned herself to the brutal fact that she may have to face amputation within the year. It's one of Hollywood's saddest stories . . .

There's no love lost between Ann Sheridan and Phil Harris—ever since she guested on his TV program. Last minute script cuts and changes, too little camera rehearsals (Annie Pie suffered through some of the worst possible video photography ever) and Phil's generally indifferent attitude towards his guest, created this tempest in a TV studio that fanned out until the Santa Monica and Malibu Sets were openly taking sides. Mary McCarty walked out on the same show for the same reasons, with Eartha Kitt pinch-hitting at the last moment. There are those who say Harris balked when his wife, Alice Faye, was turned down by sponsors and program executives for the spot later assigned to the Sheridan lass . . .

Johnny Ray must be one of the most confused fellows in all Hollywood. During a recent singing engagement there, he

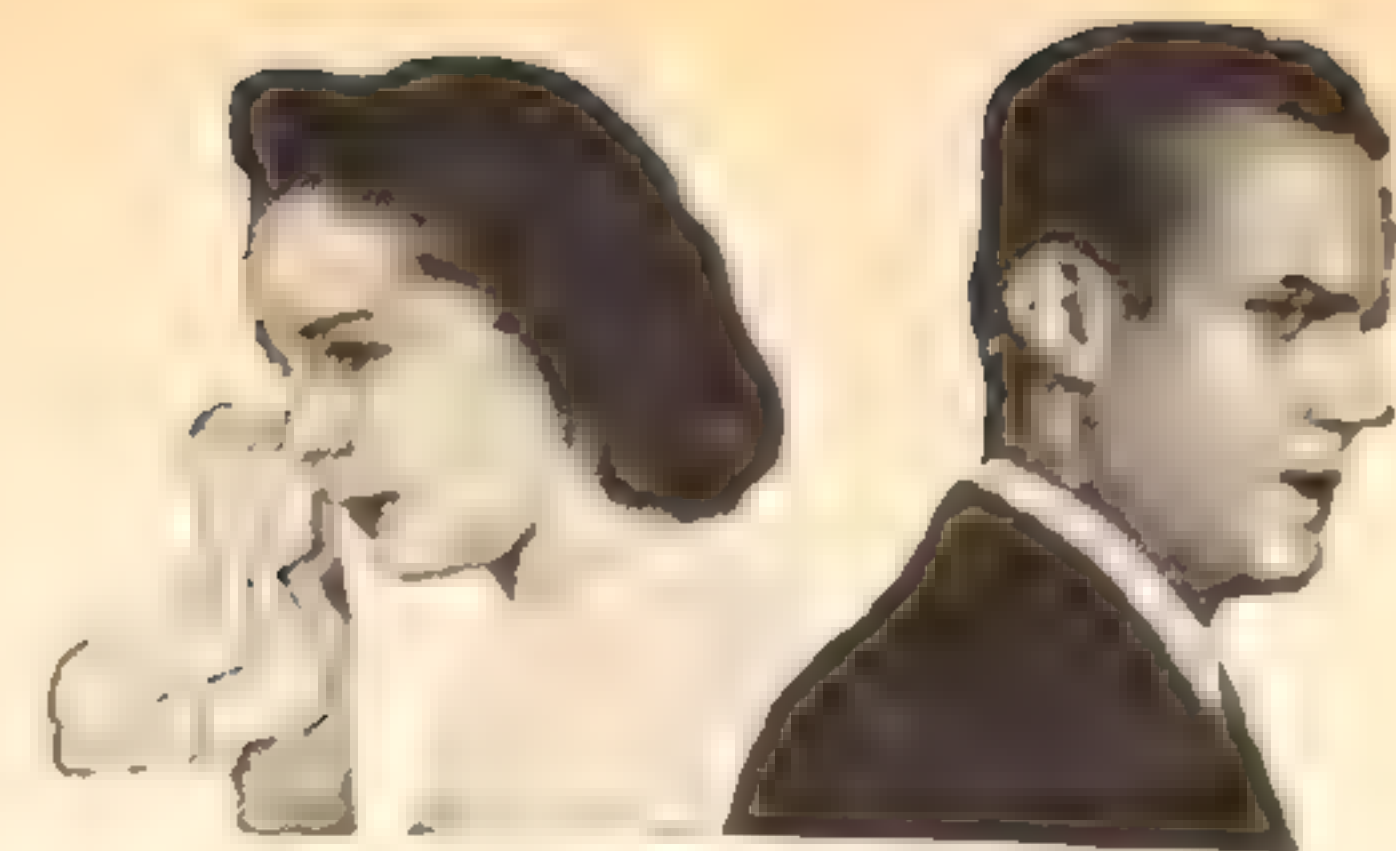
spent most of his time in his bungalow at the Garden of Allah crying his eyes out and being just downright miserable. Wouldn't see pals or take phone calls from anyone. He finally admitted he hated night club work and wanted only to sing at teenage benefits because it gave him a chance to be with kids his own age. Teenagers, his own age?

An artistic theatrical venture, sponsored by the American Theatre Arts, Inc., lost \$25,000 when they tried to tour their production of "Our Town" in West Coast tank towns, charging Broadway prices and paying star salaries to Tab Hunter and Marilyn Erskine. The latter pair managed to take home hefty salary checks, but they were the only lucky ones . . .

Edmund Purdom (that's a name MGM insists will NOT be changed) is being lionized by every major hostess from Santa Barbara to Laguna. The young Englishman who'll star in "The Student Prince" (with Mario Lanza's singing voice dubbed-in) has completely charmed the film colony. His keen sense of humor—more American than British—talent and good looks—have his studio bosses lining up more future movie jobs for him than any other young actor they have under contract. Howard Keel, Vic Damone and John Ericson may get lost in the shuffle . . .

The tide has turned in favor of Jane Powell now that she and Gene Nelson have made The Great Decision—to go their separate ways. There's hope for a reconciliation between Nelson and his wife, Miriam Franklin, but none for Janie and her ex—Geary Steffen. That marriage is over for keeps, as it was before the Powell-Nelson "incident." Fan reaction to Jane's recent film was so favorable her studio has once again given the "go ahead" signal to resume touting her as their top attraction. The sex-appeal campaign will continue, however, and she'll no longer appear as "the girl next door." Debbie Reynolds inherits roles originally scheduled for Janie before things started popping . . .

If Tony and Janet Leigh Curtis aren't proud parents before the end of 1954, they'll adopt a baby girl. Anxious for a large family, they'll continue to raise a



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family of at least four—two boys, two girls—via the adoption route with each new addition spaced every two years. At adoption age, the youngsters will be under six months . . .

A West Coast lawyer's reference to Dorothy Lamour as a "has been" did more to stimulate interest in her fading career than if she had employed a battery of press agents and photographers to land her on the front pages in the hopes it would flush out picture assignments. She is not only now considering three different film offers, but cafes across the country are bidding for her services with weekly fees ranging from three to seven thousand dollars. Her biggest bid to date is the El Rancho Vegas in Nevada—a flat \$6500 weekly plus all expenses for herself and family with a four weeks guarantee. That "all expenses" clause would make her salary pure velvet—she'd clear more under those terms than if she accepted a rival Las Vegas hotel's offer of a weekly \$7,000 paycheck sans an expense account . . .

Hollywood is wondering whether or not Jacques Bergerac will become a film star, now that his wife Ginger Rogers has teamed up with him in a series of movies to be made in Europe. What she couldn't get West Coast producers to do, she managed very nicely abroad. When the first Rogers-Bergerac movie, "Twist Of Fate" is completed, it will be shown in Europe for six months before it's released here—a sure indication that Ginger has a bundle of her own money in the foreign film set-up. Income tax-wise, any profits from the venture will have to wait until 1955—she can't afford extensive earnings until then. Ginger is optimistic as well as shrewd . . .

Dean Jennings, the ex-San Francisco columnist, flew to Europe to see Barbara Hutton about the biography a women's magazine had commissioned him to do, but the millionairess refused to talk to him. Jennings has his revenge; he persuaded Igor Troubetzkoy, her most recent ex-husband to "tell all;" returned home with material that will make Barbara turn purple. Her other husbands, including Cary Grant, will also be "documented" in Jennings' sizzling story . . .

Julius La Rosa, who has coined as much as \$8,000 for a one-night's singing engagement in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, will double that fee for his role in Paramount's upcoming "The Big Telecast Of 1954." He'll have to work four weeks, however, before he departs with the \$16,000 for two songs in the filmusical which will star TV greats . . .

If and when Gary and Rocky Cooper decide to go through with their divorce action, the community property settlement angle will make a confusing issue. Rocky was independently wealthy when she wed "Coop." So what do they do about that?

The Sidney Lumets (*Rita Gam*) are bored with the separation rumors. They go their separate ways when their work-



Lana Turner, with new hairdo and hubby Lex Barker, at premiere. They repeated Italian marriage in Hollywood.

ing schedules require it (he's a TV producer-director) but are together every chance possible. At Earl Blackwell's Pen & Pencil party for Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac they jointly scoffed at the rift rumors.

Lisa Ferraday had a five day whirl in New York with Gene Nelson before he left for Europe. She promised him his first date in Manhattan upon his return, too . . .

Mickey Rooney's new tune, "Alimony Blues," should be an automatic success in Hollywood—he's mailing copies of the disc to all his ex-wives, which puts it into the hit class immediately . . .

Errol Flynn, suffering from arthritis, is hobbling around with a cane. If his condition doesn't improve soon, he'll hasten to Jamaica, B.W.I. with Patrice Wymore (and the new Flynn addition) for a six months rest cure . . .

There are those who will tell you Piper Laurie has decided to become Mrs. David Schine (he's heir to the hotel fortune)—but not until late in 1955, after his Army discharge . . .

Pilar Pallette, the Peruvian beauty who plans to become the next Mrs. John Wayne—just as soon as she's legally free from wealthy Dick Weldy—is sporting a new diamond necklace: a blue pear-shaped diamond of ten carats set in a pendant of clear white baguette diamonds and platinum. The bauble cost \$50,000 and she insists she bought it herself! . . .

One of the reasons for the Andy and Della Russell split was Andy's loyalty in standing by Mario Lanza through the worst of his troubles. Della objected. Now Andy admits he's "had it." He no longer speaks to the beefy tenor . . . END

CINDERELLA 1954

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

Even then she knew there was a spot for her in her show business. She had started as an usherette at the theatre, graduated to being cashier. She saw the bills being changed each week—and sometimes she felt that maybe she was as pretty as some of those stars everyone talked about and paid money to see.

That night she told the police officer, "It may take me ten years to become a star. I may be a model first, an extra next—but you watch, someday I'll be in Hollywood with the rest of the stars."

It is a matter of record that the police officer didn't take her too seriously. He had heard other kids talk like that before. But he was a wonderful friend—because he had always had a willing ear, a ready smile to keep the young fires kindling. Cops are not always tough. This one wasn't. He had a soft tender spot in his heart for the young Elaine, whose bright young mind was cluttered with the stuff o' dreams.

After graduation, Cinderella Stewart started her ride. She worked steadily, and not dishearteningly, in a doctor's office in Montclair. She came to the attention of Harry Conover, one of the top model agents, and was quickly signed. Soon she began to appear on the covers of national magazines, and then one wonderful, exciting day in Long Beach she was chosen "Miss See."

For three years Elaine shuttled between TV and magazine covers. Then Paramount's successful producer Hal Wallis set eyes upon her—liked what he saw, and quickly signed her. The picture was "Sailor Beware."

The little girl from the small town was

on the way up, up, up. Her face was getting as familiar in the magazines and on movie posters as Marilyn Monroe. In less than six months she was signed by MGM Studios, and even the foreign press took cognizance of her existence. They quickly dubbed her "Miss Everything."

After several introductory roles in which she scored with critics and public alike, she made her first real big hit in "The Bad And The Beautiful."

Movieland had accepted Montclair's Miss Stewart. Today Elaine can't always believe that it all really happened. In the course of just a few years she has made more movies than she can count on the fingers of both hands. Other studios are bidding for her services, and as a charming young actress—who, indeed, has about everything—she's getting better and better with each new role.

"When you have a dream deep down in your heart," she told this writer, "a dream that isn't made of just stardust in your eyes, you have a good chance of making it come true. At least, as long as you work hard at it. I did work hard, and I guess everything turned out all right."

Yes, certainly everything has turned out all right for Elaine Stewart who speaks German fluently, is partial to rare steaks, enjoys badminton and dancing, and has a flair for interior decorating.

As for that Montclair police officer, he remembers all those conversations, and those long walks home, with affection. He still loves Elaine very much. For, if you must know, Police Officer (now retired) Ulrich Steinberg happens to be Elaine's own father.

END



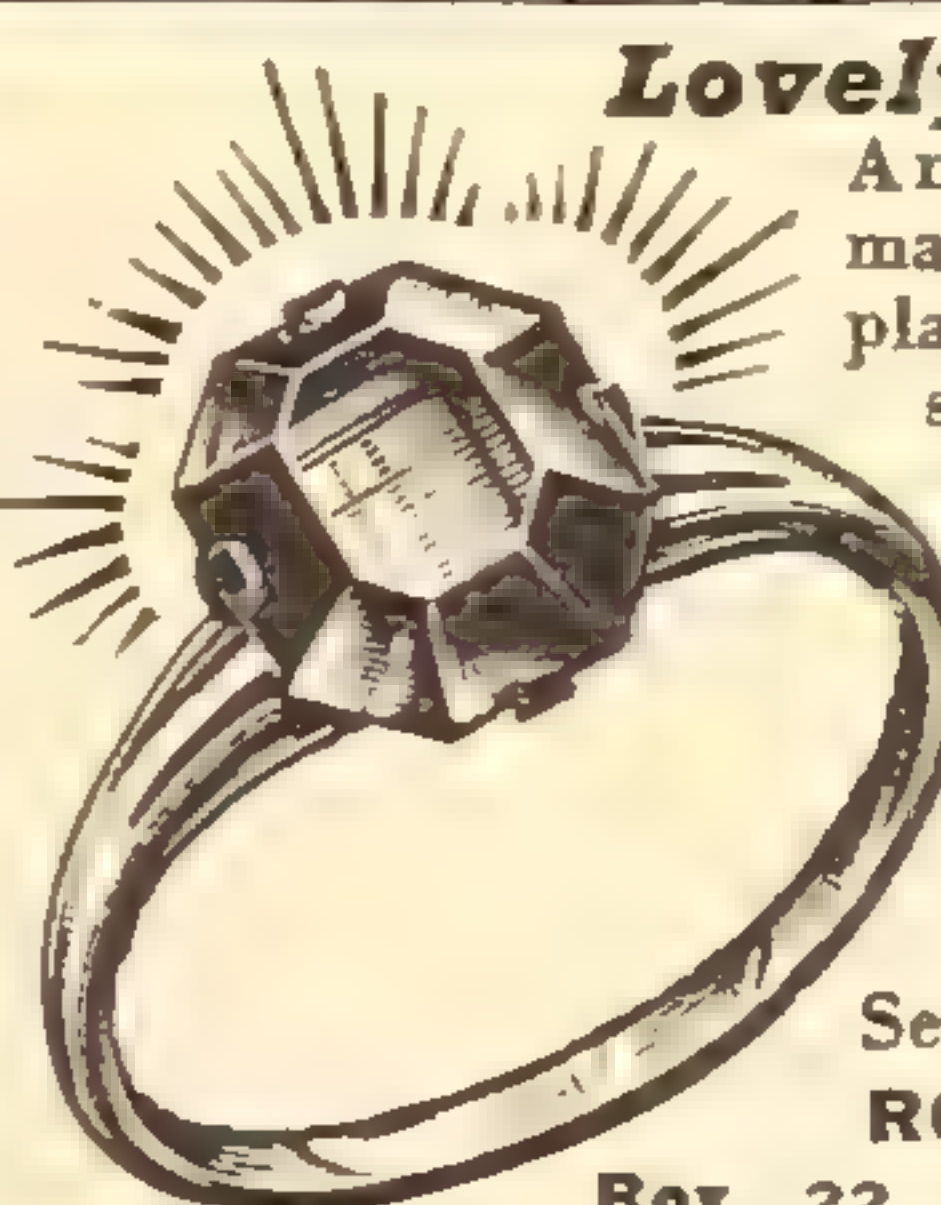
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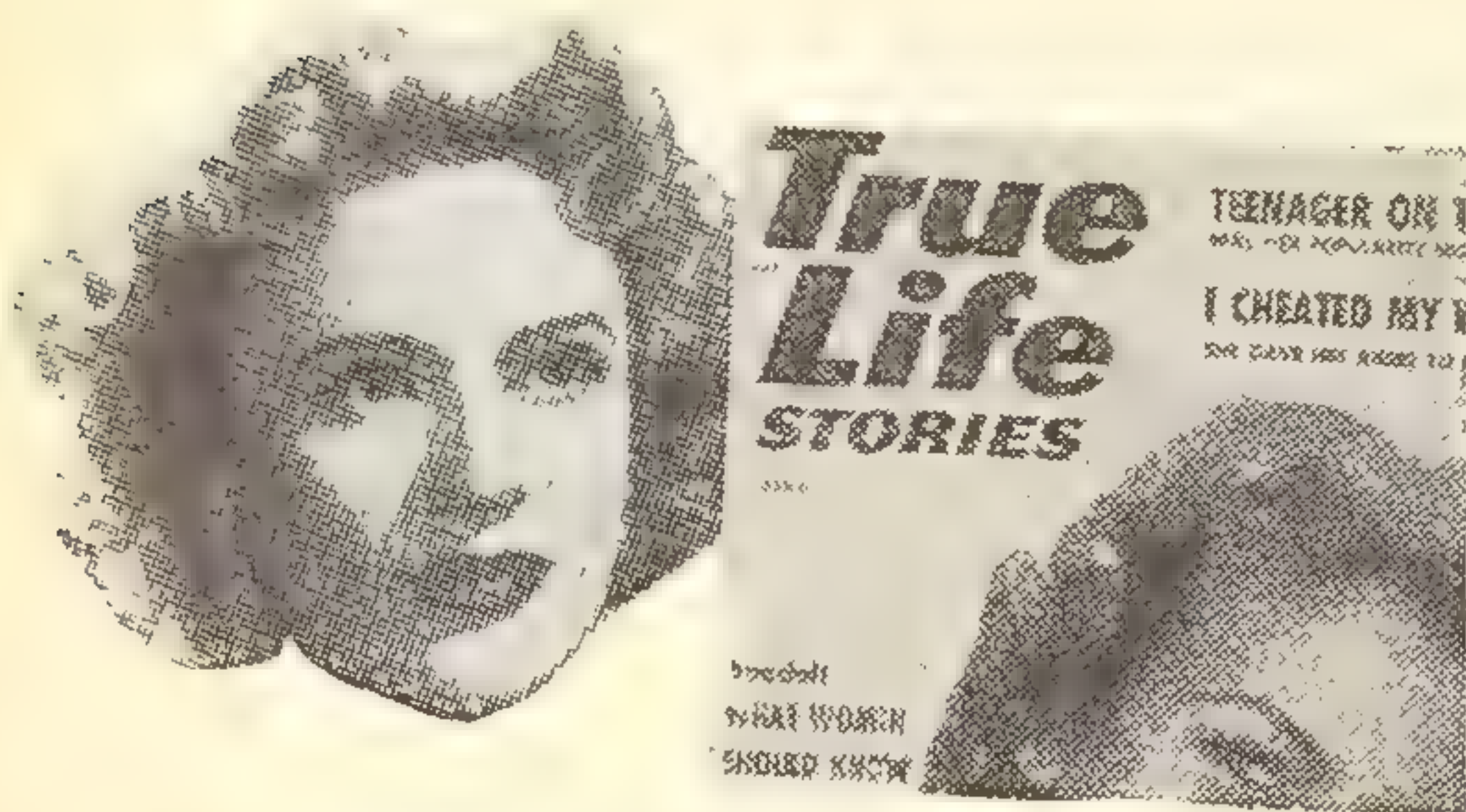
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MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

the Marion Parsonnet Studios on Long Island. Producer Reynolds feels the films should be made as far away from Movietown as possible—if he had his way, he'd have the foursome trek to London or Paris . . .

Red Skelton and David Rose had secret plans to make a personal appearance tour of leading nightclubs and vaudeville theatres in a miniature "musical with comedy" but the project fell through. TV rights weren't forthcoming for the idea . . .

Mae West's planned TV programs, in which she would portray famous women in history down through the ages, has hit a snag. The buxom actress had hopes of including fictional and factual characters in her cast of celebrated heroines, but the announcement that she would impersonate Marie Antoinette, Madame Pompadour, Helen of Troy, Camille and Delilah, brought forth a storm of protest from women's clubs throughout the nation! Instead of proceeding with original plans, La West will concentrate on a telefilm series based on her greatest success, "Diamond Lil," in which she'll again portray the provocative "Belle of the Bowery" in different comedy situations each week—with several songs added in the usual Mae Westian manner . . .

Bernard Sobel, former Florenz Ziegfeld press agent, whose recent memoirs, "Broadway Heartbeat," were published by Hermitage House, has been approached to work on a series of scripts for video dramatizations of his biography. Tony Curtis, Don Taylor and Robert Cummings are being mentioned to play Sobel in the proposed telefilms. The glamorous Ziegfeld era would be revived for the program, with as many

original Ziegfeld stars as might be available today being asked to play themselves in the shows . . .

Gypsy Rose Lee, one of the great wits in show business, is listening to TV producers about headlining several variety shows for production later this year. Gypsy would act as Mistress of Ceremonies and contribute an occasional song or "reading" to the proceedings—and those readings would be culled from the works of Thomas Wolfe, Eugene O'Neill and John Steinbeck . . .

Betty Lynn, Ray Bolger's redheaded leading lady, made a switch in her affections—from Dick Clayton (*John Ericson's agent*) back to Donald Buka, her first "steady" . . .

Pattee Chapman who plays Miss Duffy on the Ed "Archie" Gardner "Duffy's Tavern" telefilm series, has the longest fingernails of any video actress extant. Measuring three full inches in length when she's not before the TV cameras, she has them trimmed down to a mere two inches during her working weeks. Her nails grow so fast she has to keep measuring them so that their length is consistent for all sequences in the filmed series. Ironically enough, Pattee was offered the co-starring role in a TV adaptation of "My Sister Eileen" (in the role originally created by Shirley Booth on the New York stage more than a dozen years ago) but had to decline it when her "Duffy's Tavern" shooting schedule overlapped the "Eileen" rehearsal period. For those who remember, the point is obvious. Shirley Booth created the character of Miss Duffy on "Duffy's Tavern" years ago on radio while she was married to "Archie"—Ed Gardner . . .



Ella Raines, popular screen star, signs contract for telefilm series called, "Janet Dean, Registered Nurse." Edward Madden, v.p. of Motion Pictures For TV, looks on.

When Steve Holland and Irene Champ-
lin, who play Flash and Dale in the new
telefilm series, "Flash Gordon" (based
on the King Features comic strip), de-
scended upon the ice rink in New York's
Rockefeller Plaza in their "Flash Gor-
don" costumes on a dare, they donned
their skates and with the aid of several
instructors managed to get to the center
of the rink. Neither Flash nor Dale—
(who can do anything in Outer Space on
their show) had ever been on ice skates
before. It's to their credit they didn't
tumble once while hundreds of their
young fans swirled around them. Actors
Louis Jourdan and Claude Dauphin, in
New York en route to Europe for their
own "Paris Precinct" teleseries, started
a conga line and managed to get Flash
and Dale off the ice without mishap. It
was Jourdan and Dauphin, expert skat-
ers, who floundered and fell several
times after Flash and Dale took off in
their "space ship"—a rented limousine...

If and when Edgar Bergen and Ken

Murray get around to filming their TV
series called, "Where Were You?" Ber-
gen will be responsible for the show's
scripts, and Murray will appear on the
program. Based on recent historical facts
and figures, the telefilm series will
have such notables as "Wrong Way"
Corrigan, Florence Chadwick, Admiral
Richard E. Byrd, Gene Tunney and
Eleanor Roosevelt making guest appear-
ances. How many Edgar Bergen fans
realize that Charlie McCarthy's side-kick
has been writing radio-TV shows for
years? At the termination of his CBS-TV
contract, Edgar would then join the cast
line-up of "Where Were You?" with
Murray, during the filming of the sec-
ond series of 39 films. They will do 117
thirty-minute programs in all... END

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gram, "Maggi's Private Wire," Monday
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urdays over ABC-TV.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

comes the shampoo itself which, in this
dry hair era, might well be Conti. As you
may know, Conti is made with a combi-
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so you can be sure of getting the gentlest
possible treatment for those treasured
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At this point you're ready to decide on
a change of hair color or perhaps all you
need to do is to perk up the original
shade. In this scientific age of ours either
alternative is easy to accomplish. In fact,
it's easier now than it ever was because
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manent hair tints to beauty salons and
has come up with a new product called
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number of reasons for getting excited
about Colorhair so we'll list them for you.
First is the fact that Colorhair conditions
the hair as it colors—second is the fact
that the activator controls and regulates
the development of color so that you're
sure of a uniform result in a minimum of
time (hair can't be over-done or under-
done)—third is the wonderful advantage
of having everything you need to work
with right in the Colorhair package, even
to plastic mitts, mixer bottle and dual-
purpose applicator. The formula itself has
both lanolin and lecithin compounds to
give added softness and lustre. Enough
said? In general, it's best to pick a color
that is a shade or two lighter than your
own natural hair—an easy enough selec-
tion with a range of ten Colorhair shades
to choose from. The price, by the way, is

only \$1.50, plus tax.

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here again, it's only common-sense to
copy the professionals and use a good
wave-setting lotion. One that you can
get just about anywhere is the Dr. Ellis'
Wave Set, a new formula that contains
processed lanolin. It does all the things
it's supposed to do—dries quickly, leaves
no flakes, and gives a lovely soft wave.
Remember that you're supposed to use
enough lotion to thoroughly wet your
hair (a big bottle is only 25¢, plus tax)—
then to set it with combs or bobby pins.
If you prefer pin-curl setting, you'll find
that the new Eta-Rite Hair Styling Kit
is a great help. In it you get dozens and
dozens of Cushion-Tip bobby pins in two
sizes, plus a bonus of illustrated charts
showing how to arrange 8 different hair
styles—all for 39¢.

Having set your hair, be sure to put on
a net to hold the arrangement and the
pins in place throughout the drying time
—(Venida makes them in every practical
shape imaginable, in a variety of weights
and materials including the famous ones
made of human hair). This may seem
like a relatively unimportant detail but
it has an awful lot to do with the effec-
tiveness of the setting.

Once your hair is dry, combed out and
styled, there's one final trick that you
can borrow from the hairdressers and
that is to treat it to a mist of spray-on
hair net. The newest to arrive on cos-
metic counters is Richard Hudnut's Spray
And Stay—the very same special formula
preparation which has been used exclu-
sively in their Fifth Avenue Salon. It
will give your hair "body" and keep it
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DANTON WALKER'S HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

If and when Deborah Kerr decides to take a vacation from her "Tea And Sympathy" starring role on Broadway, Joan Bennett and Jane Wyatt are standing by hoping to be selected as her replacement. The play, a smash hit, dealing with a delicate theme (*too controversial as film fodder*) has established Deborah Kerr as one of the finest actresses ever to come out of Hollywood to appear on the New York stage. She'll win many of the top honors accorded distinguished players each year in New York, before the season is over. Miss Bennett has a slight edge over Miss Wyatt for this acting plum insofar as the play's producers recall the impressive acting job turned in by Miss Bennett in the touring company of "Bell, Book And Candle" several seasons ago. Added to that, Joan Bennett is still a bigger "name" although, in this space, the lovely Miss Wyatt still leads in the matter of talent . . .

Silliest hair-do to hit Manhattan in many a moon was the bizarre coiffure worn by Barbara Payton—the front a deep red, the remainder platinum. It created no end of talk along Gotham's cafe circuit—none of it complimentary . . .

Authentic New York locations will be used for the movie based on Bing Crosby's autobiography, "Call Me Lucky," just as soon as The Groaner gets around to giving his approval to the young actor who'll be selected to portray him in the film. The "Jolson Story" technique will be used—Bing will record the songs, an unknown will "sing" to the dubbed-in sound track . . .

For some unexplained reason Greer Garson has been taking diving lessons (*breathing tube, fins and all*) at a New York hotel swimming pool under the supervision of champ swimmer Florence Chadwick. "Mrs. Miniver" as an MGM musical mermaid seems an unlikely prospect for the future. The daily practice sessions were held early each morning before the general public was permitted to enter the pool. Attendants reported the Garson figure as being very trim despite an obsolete swim suit . . .

The Johnnie Ray-Susan Zanuck "romance"—strictly a long distance telephone courtship—has met with the approval of Susie's father, Darryl F. Zanuck, the 20th Century-Fox boss—just so long as it remains as is. Zanuck does not approve of his daughter's constant dating of every eligible male in Hollywood, nor of her futile attempts to become a professional actress-singer. In New York, the "Cry" crooner called the Zanuck heiress (then in Las Vegas) as often as ten times a day and he'd call collect, which should give readers a fair idea of the stability of this new "romance" . . .

Evie and Van Johnson, in town for another fast and furious fling of theatre-going and shopping, didn't argue once

during their entire visit. This establishes a new record of sorts for the long-rumored battling duo. The ever-on-tap presence of Roz Russell might have been a deciding factor—the "Wonderful Town" star has always been Evie and Van's best friend. She's settled many a dispute between them by a mere flick of an eyebrow . . .

Wally Cox, TV's "Mr. Peepers," escorted dancer Marilyn Genaro of "The King And I," to a small dinner party hosted by Marlon Brando in honor of Movita. Two days later Miss Genaro visited Brando on the "Waterfront" set in Hoboken, New Jersey, and the following night they were dancing cheek-to-cheek at the Hotel Pierre's Cotillion Room. Movita and Wally Cox were nowhere in sight. In less than ten days, the youthful "King And I" dancer was offered a screen test by "Waterfront" director Elia Kazan. She declined the offer, with thanks, to remain in the chorus of the Yul Brynner show. She's back to dating "Mr. Peepers," and Movita and Brando have also resumed their dueting, but for a while there it looked like a Hollywood-type scenario . . .

Katy Jurado slipped quietly into Gotham to meet novelist Louis L'Amour (he came all the way from Mexico City after meeting her parents there) for a 24-hour shopping spree. A wedding in the offing? . . .

Bob Wagner handed out cigars to total strangers at a local restaurant ten minutes after he learned he had become an uncle. He even lighted one up for himself but after several puffs gave up and very discreetly left his table returning twenty minutes later slightly green

around the edges . . .

Mickey Rooney didn't like it one bit when a group of show business pals kidded him about the report he was all set to star in a Broadway musical based on the career of Johnny, the Philip Morris page, who soon celebrates his 20th year with the cigarette company. Rooney ducked his pals in a huff at Sardi's and no amount of pleading could induce him to return . . .

A new commercial helicopter service between New York airports (carrying up to 40 passengers) had to cancel plans for a celebrity-laden inaugural flight when the visiting Hollywood stars, invited to make the flight, insisted upon remuneration for participating in the event. The implied endorsement of these screen stars, it was felt (by their agents), was worth up to \$3,000 individually. The planned junket was junked . . .

Diana Lynn, free of her "Moon Is Blue" stage commitment in London, is being groomed for the new Elmer Rice play, "The Winner," due on Broadway late in April. Steve Cochran flew into town to read for the male lead before Scott Brady was contacted. Now the race is on between them, with Brady favored over Cochran by Diana Lynn herself . . .

A phony posing as Mickey ("I, The Jury") Spillane passed out bouncing checks in Third Avenue and Greenwich Village bars amounting to more than \$500. He managed to elude the police—as in a Spillane movie—for weeks. Another check for \$100, offered by a patron for cashing purposes at the chic Bon Soir in Greenwich Village, had local gendarmes rushing into the cafe. It was a mistake this time—Spillane himself had offered his personal check to pay his bill. The incident created no end of embarrassment to all concerned . . .

END



Victor Mature and his wife arrive in New York from Southampton on the *Queen Mary*. Vic, who made a movie in England, returned home several pounds lighter.



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